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NATIVE



May 4-17, 1981

Issue Eleven

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on Parole**

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for Holly
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George Hslop (left) and the Rev. Brent
Hawkes (right), Canadian gay rights activists,
at a Feb. 20 demonstration outside
Toronto's 52 Division police headquarters.
Photo by Gerald Hannon/The Body Politic.
Bodybuilder by Arthur Gay.

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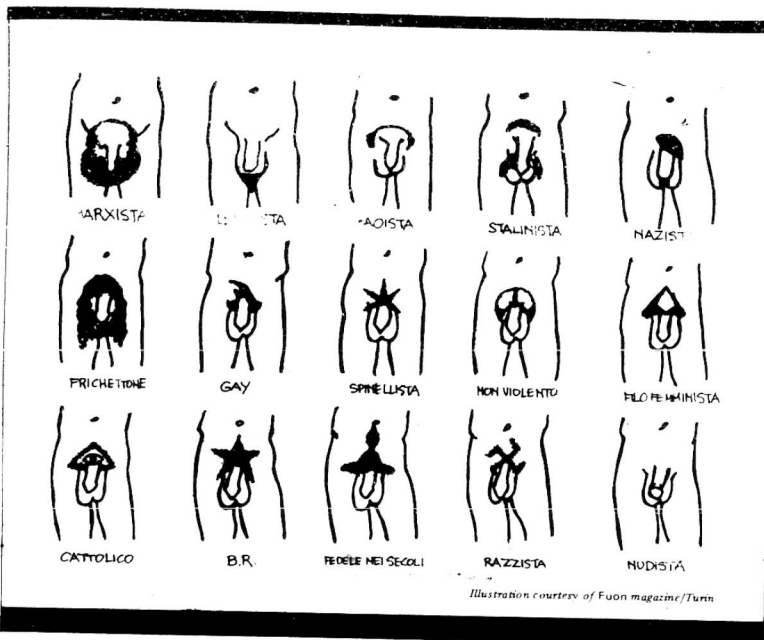


Illustration courtesy of Fuon magazine/Turin

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Robert K. Martin, 6/7, 7:30 to 9
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LETTERS

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First Things First

Congratulations on continuing to exist. But please, please, PLEASE don't review material that is not gay! Not even if the artists are gay and not out of the closet, not even if it's the movie you most want to see, not even if it's the biggest show to hit Broadway in years, please stay gay.

Every gay publication that pops up seems to have as its only ambition to stop being gay as soon as possible.

Don't review operas unless they're gay operas or the stars, composer, or whoever is out-and-out gay. Don't take up all that space with ballet and make a gay novel take months to get reviewed, if then. Don't give us your so-interesting thoughts on some Hollywood flick unless the leading man has posed for the article full frontal nude. Please review all gay plays (not just mine, but mine included), don't be one of the many papers that can't be bothered to cover gay culture because they're so eager to get free seats for the really Big (i.e., straight) events.

Be a paper that makes it that much easier for artists to come out of the closet by being a place where they know they'll be taken seriously. Every work of gay art, however minor, sleazy, awkward, or poor, should be tackled before you begin to hit straight or closet work.

Please, please, please.

Robert Patrick
Manhattan

Mystified

Concerning the aesthetic realism reportage (*Native* 9), I was a bit mystified when I read your article that the author, Paul Grossman, had soul-searching doubts after his exposure to those brainwashing zealots. Hasn't he read John Boswell's book?

Boswell's book, reinforced by such enlightened scholarship by Father John McNeill, the Jesuit priest recently inter-

viewed in your pages (*Native* 10), has totally purged me of any guilt or "self-contempt."

If the Moral Majority wants to take Leviticus seriously, why don't they start with those damned heterosexual adulterers, or our friends at Citibank who loan money at interest. Those are abominations.

Keep up the good work with *Christopher Street* and the *Native*. I delivered my recent issues of both publications to my psychotherapist, while wondering out loud if the entire therapy profession is homophobic.

Richard N. Frost
Manhattan

Mystified, But Inspired

I find myself writing to you twice in the same day.

This is about "Coming Out for Softball" by David Feinberg.

I know you are laboring under an inundation of topical material, but I think this story is very much underplayed.

I really didn't understand the miracle of gay sports. Here's to Dave Kopay. An inspirational article.

I'm going to write the Metropolitan Community Athletic Organization and suggest that a bridge team might qualify as a sport under their aegis. I might even try something more athletic.

Bravo to Mr. Feinberg.

Dick

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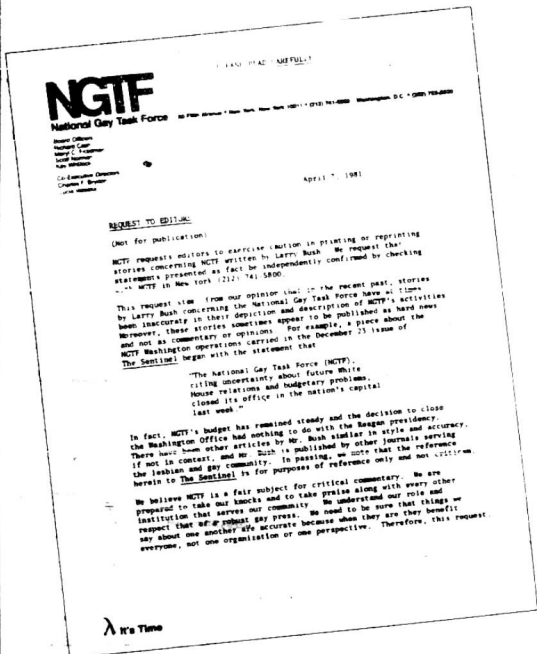
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OPINION

A couple of weeks ago, as the last issue of the *Native* was going to press, we received in our offices a curious memorandum from the National Gay Task Force. "Please read carefully," it admonished. We did.

"NGTF requests editors to exercise caution in printing or reprinting stories concerning NGTF written by Larry Bush," the communicate said. "This request stems from our opinion that in the recent past, stories by Larry Bush concerning the National Gay Task Force have at times been inaccurate in their depiction and description of NGTF's activities."

While this note caused us some dismay, we can't exactly say we were surprised to see it. The Task Force—particularly its co-executive directors, Charles F. Brydon and Lucia Valeska—have been the subject of several probing articles written by Larry Bush in recent weeks. Bush's interviews and investigations have revealed several extraordinary blunders on the part of the Task Force, and the ensuing bad press has caused the co-execs considerable discomfort. Throughout the country, leaders of the gay press and political hierarchy have insisted that they immediately shape up or resign.

The co-directors have chosen instead to attack—not the homophobic Right,

nor their critics in gay political circles, but the movement's premier independent journalist. They mailed a memo designed to cripple his livelihood (after receiving assurances from their lawyer that they couldn't be sued for libel); they have persisted in defaming him in person and in print, at one point writing to the head of San Francisco's Harvey Milk Gay Democratic Club: "Where was this reporter's common sense?"

A number of adjectives come to mind to describe these latest antics of Brydon and Valeska. *Brazen*. *Petty*. *Vicious*. But we won't dwell on them.

We'll simply reiterate the complete faith we have in the professional abilities of Larry Bush. He is an intelligent reporter; he is unfailingly accurate; he is painstakingly fair. It is rare to find all of these assets in one journalist.

"We believe NGTF is a fair subject for critical commentary," wrote the co-directors near the end of their edict. "We are prepared to take our knocks. . . . We understand our role and respect that of a robust gay press."

Their agons, however, demonstrate just the opposite. We hope they quickly dry their eyes and overcome petulance, we encourage them to stop their sniveling and get to their jobs—i.e., do a little work for the cause of gay rights. Brett Averill

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- *DO GAYS CENSOR GAYS?
- *CAN YOU MAKE A MILLION IN GAY BUSINESS?
- *IS BISEXUALITY THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE?
- *SHOULD YOU ADOPT YOUR LOVER?
- *COULD GAYS SAVE THE SOUTH BRONX?
- *SHOULD YOU BOYCOTT CHANNEL THIRTEEN?
- *WILL EVERY GAY HAVE A LOFT ONE DAY?
- *SHOULD GAY MEN AND LESBIANS HAVE CHILDREN?
- *SHOULD EVERY NEIGHBORHOOD HAVE A GAY STATUE?
- *SHOULD MORE GAYS MOVE TO MANHATTAN?
- *DO ALL GAY PEOPLE VOTE?
- *SHOULD HALF OF ALL GAYS BECOME REPUBLICAN?
- *IS FLAGYL EVEN REMOTELY SAFE?

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When Men Were Men

"The beauty of the human body is based precisely on the correct and harmonious development of every muscle or group of muscles."

—Arthur Gay

Between 1915 and 1930, Arthur Gay, a well-known leader of the physical culture movement of the early 1900s, took over 500 photos of male bodybuilders to produce a fascinating record of men for whom the human body was the "ultimate vehicle of expression."

In Gay's photos luminous skin ripples over masses of muscle and the contours of legs, torso, and shoulders are silhouetted against dark backgrounds. The photographer's obvious appreciation of classic sculpture seems shared by his models, whose poses evoke a grace and shameless pride in physical beauty. Gay himself was declared "the strongest man in the United States Navy" in 1918 and 1919, and he was recognized nationwide as an authority on physical training.

Responding to the growing popularity of bodybuilding in recent years, Lehr/Link Portfolios has put together a limited-edition collection of some of Gay's most striking photos. Appropriately entitled *Bodybuilders*, the collection is available



A collection whose time has come: *Bodybuilders*, photographs by Arthur F. Gay.

in several different portfolio sizes. The largest includes seven 16x20-inch prints (\$1,800); a smaller version, five 8x10s, sells for \$500. Individual prints may be purchased in 11x14-inch and 16x20-inch sizes. All, of course, are printed from Gay's original glass plate negatives.

To view or purchase *Bodybuilders*, contact Yancey Perkinson, 12 East 22nd St., New York, or call (212) 475-3887.



Illustration: Marc Lita.

A Prom for the Rest of Us

It's not exactly de rigueur for gay people to invite gay dates to high school dances, so most young gay people missed what many felt to be the social culmination of 12 years of public schooling: the senior prom.

On May 15th you'll have a chance to relive that wonderful night that never was. Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund will be sponsoring a fantasy benefit, the first New York City Lesbian and Gay

Prom. Beginning at 9:30 p.m. and continuing until whenever, you and the date of your choice will dance in the prom attire of your choice to music from the '40s on. Besides enjoying the thrill of pinning a corsage to your date's lapel, you'll get a charge out of helping one of the most important legal funds for gays in the country.

The prom will be held at Marc Ballroom, 27 Union Square West, between 15th and 16th streets. Tickets (\$7 in advance and \$8 at the door) are available at Oscar Wilde Memorial Bookshop, Womanbooks, Djuna Books, and through Lambda Legal Defense and Education, (212) 944-9488.

For Gay Junkies, a Return to the Community

Gay men and lesbians with drug abuse problems often face a double-edged sword. When they seek help in overcoming substance abuse they often find themselves battling homophobia, as well: counselors find their gayness as much of a problem as their dependency.

Project Return's Pyramid Place is believed to be the only residential treatment facility in the country that exclusively serves gay people. The Pyramid program is designed to meet the problems unique to gay drug abusers without attempting to change their sexual orientation.

Besides simply curbing substance abuse, the 14-month-long program encourages trainees to pursue educational and vocational goals.

A similar program for gay women, also part of the Project Return Network, is known as Sappho. Pyramid also provides supportive treatment for transsexuals. Call Pyramid Place at (212) 662-6700 or Sappho at (212) 265-2850.

A New Loft for the Island

The Loft, a clothing store that was located in Cherry Grove on Fire Island, was destroyed in a fire last October that also burned the Copa disco. Provisions of the National Seashore Preservation Act may prevent the disco from rebuilding by this summer, but the Loft is scheduled to re-open May 1 in a new complex of shops and restaurants being constructed next to the Pines Pavilion disco.

Its managers say the Pines branch of the Loft will feature moderately priced lines of sportswear. (All prices, they say, will be the same as those in the city store, located at 313 Amsterdam Avenue.) Terry McNulty and Tom Monahan promise "no summer resort tipoff," a comfort for those of us who have come to expect a mark-up in most goods and services on Fire Island.

The Loft will also be carrying an exclusive collection of clothing from several

URBAN AFFAIRS



Light-years ahead of their time: Say It In Neon.

Electric Sculpture

The design problem: you have a dinky studio lit by a fluorescent fixture that lends the room the pallor of death. How to add life to the apartment? Try a splash of neon.

Once used mainly to advertise JOE'S BAR and CHEAP ROOMS, neon has lately acquired a degree of popularity as a form of residential lighting. (Face it: a crimson lightning bolt is slightly more impressive than a lime-green swag lamp.) Now available in dozens of ready-made shapes and several different colors, these tubes can be considered not only illumination but a form of electric sculpture.

Say It In Neon, located at 444 Hudson St., keeps the six styles pictured above in stock; a designer on the premises can create your own designs to your specifications. Prices start as low as \$180.

Say It In Neon is open Mondays through Fridays noon to 6 p.m. For more information, call (212) 691-7977.



The Loft opens the summer season with a new store in Fire Island Pines.

designers who are devising special pieces to help celebrate the opening of the Pines store. The shop will also be carrying a special Fire Island t-shirt, a design that the managers hope will make it the "t-shirt of the season."

An All-Star Reading

To benefit the defense fund of Ginnati broadcaster John Zeh, ten distinguished writers will perform in a special Reading for Freedom of Speech on Friday, May 1, at St. Mark's Church (Second Avenue at East 10th Street).

Novelists William S. Burroughs, Jane DeLynn, James McCourt, Felice Picano, and Donald Windham will join poets Joe Brainard, John Giorno, Michael Lally, Joan Larkin and Eileen Myles on the program,

which begins at 8 p.m. The reading was organized by writer Tim Dlugos.

Zeh faces up to 20 years in jail for broadcasting a lampoon, "Consumers' Guide to Sexual Lubricants," on his weekly gay radio show.

Admission to the benefit will be \$4.

Please send submissions for the Urban Affairs section to:

Harold Jay Klein
The New York Native
250 West 57th Street
Suite 417
New York, NY 10107

NEWS BRIEFS

Gay Leaders Called Incompetent, Overpaid

by Brett Averill and Larry Bush

The National Gay Task Force, which once had the premier role in the gay rights struggle, continues to find itself on the defensive with the community it represents. Last week, gay organizations and leading activists reiterated the now-familiar demand that Task Force leaders Charles Brydon and Lucia Valeska announce immediate and assertive goals—or resign.

Brydon and Valeska sought to face down similar calls a month ago after disclosure of a letter they authored calling for a moratorium on gay rights legislation. Following demands for a retraction or resignations, the two leaders issued a new letter "clarifying" their position and apologizing for the earlier letter, citing heavy pressure on the job.

"I still find incomprehensible the letter to McCoskey, pressure or no pressure," said Gary Deane, a founder of Brooklyn's Lambda Independent Democratic Club, whose 1977 campaign for a council seat brought him five percentage points away from victory. "That's what you pay people for. It's apparent they no longer have the confidence of the gay community, and have no business holding their offices. For those kind of salaries, we should expect to have competent people."

The salary levels for the two directors, currently pegged at over \$29,000 each, are scheduled to reach \$42,500 each under a plan approved by the Task Force board of directors. The salaries, Task Force representatives said, will reflect the median level of chief executive officers in the foundation world. The combined salaries currently account for about twenty percent of the annual NGTF budget, and equal the level paid to the White House Chief of Staff.

In San Francisco, where protests from gay organizations against Brydon and Valeska's leadership first became public, all three major gay Democratic clubs again called for Brydon and Valeska to announce an aggressive strategy or resign. Similar calls came from activists meeting in a Southeastern States Gay Conference in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, in April, and editors of gay publications from San Diego to Philadelphia opined that the current Task Force leadership was in danger of losing community support altogether.

"I think the current leadership at NGTF must resign," said long-time Task Force supporter and gay leader Virginia Apuzzo last week. "I think that will allow us to roll up our sleeves and get to work."

While Task Force leaders sought to assuage their critics with phone calls and letters during the past several weeks, former Task Force special assistant Tom Burrows provided an inside glimpse of the strains at work within the organization itself. Burrows' resignation was requested March 23 on grounds that included the charge that he had leaked information to

the gay press.

Burrows was the first full-time NGTF staffer to formally go on the record with charges of incompetence, dishonesty toward the board, and a disregard for providing staff direction on the part of the co-directors, but his charges and conclusions were confirmed in detail by former NGTF staffers who asked not to be named. In addition, other sources close to NGTF confirmed that the current directors had allowed relations with gay allies such as the American Civil Liberties Union and the National Organization for Women to deteriorate to the point that, in their opinion, only new leadership could restore an effective working relationship.

According to Burrows, the board of directors, nominally charged with directing Task Force policy, had been an inept force and was intentionally misled by the co-directors.

"The directors only tell the board what they want to, they don't tell the



Tom Burrows. Photo by Claim DiPalma.

whole story," Burrows said. "The staff knew the Washington office would close before the last board meeting, but the board was not told. We were told not to say anything to the board because they would not understand."

Following press accounts of the Washington closing, Brydon and Valeska wrote to board members to say that the decision was not reached until after the board meeting and that the press of business had precluded consulting them.

"It always appeared to the board that we were busy as little beavers, that we had this real organized plan," Burrows said. "The biggest issue the board had was sticking to its agenda. They kept announcing how many minutes were left, and that was it. They were never trained in how to operate. We've had whole afternoons to discuss sexism and racism, and not policy. Charlie and Lucia always complained about the board not raising money, but they would never say that at a board meeting."

"The problem at the Task Force is that not only do they not have a strategy, they don't have set targets. At the board meetings, there's no goal-setting that I've ever seen," Burrows said.

"They have no clear purpose," Burrows said. "Coming out of having no purpose is that the Task Force reacts more than it takes the initiative. There hasn't been a media director since Ginny Vida left at the end of 1979, and we never went out and did anything any more."

"The real change that came through was that Charlie has always been a conservative businessman, running it as a cor-

poration kind of thing," Burrows said.

"The longer Lucia was there, the more she started saying she wanted to run it like a business, and she imagined a business with evenings and weekends free, while meanwhile, they have this large salary. Lucia spent last Gay Pride Day at the Hampton, which raised the ire of volunteers who wanted to know why no leaders were there."

"After the election, Charlie went on three weeks' vacation, and Lucia was on the West Coast again, and we never sat down and said, 'What's our planned strategy? Where are we going to go?' This was at the time of the shooting at the Ramrod, and we never decided what we were going to do. The response was all left to the staff because the two of them were off."

"It seemed that they were always one-upping each other. Charlie would ask me if I thought Lucia was capable of doing her job, and even whether she was doing anything. It often seemed to me that they were watching each other to see how much the other one would be overwhelmed by the work," Burrows said.

"My understanding is that Charlie and Lucia went to meet with attorneys a couple of weeks ago to draw up a contract that they would have to work with each other, and if they couldn't agree on something they would go to a third party," said Burrows.

"They agreed that the co-directorship didn't work way back last fall. But they're not willing to do anything about it until their contracts are up because they don't want to give up their jobs," Burrows said.

"They are allowed to keep all honorariums from speaking engagements, which are suggested at \$400," Burrows said. "Gay organizations are usually strapped for funds, and as a result go for other speakers."

"They feel they've given their time with low pay to the movement, and now they're earning what they deserve. That is Lucia's statement to me—I can comfortably say that," Burrows said.

"Charlie is easily intimidated by anyone he perceives as having power. He is uncomfortable when he is in a situation where he has to be in charge. He said himself that he thinks the gay movement today is beyond him," Burrows said.

"Charlie's focus for the past four months has been the Fund, dinner [The Fund for Human Dignity, a captive charity for NGTF, will hold its annual dinner in May]. The months have been a real waste—they have cut it back from their plans to the traditional size, and all the people they asked to serve as honorary chairs turned them down," Burrows said.

"The strategy for the White House—we were told that we have to sneak in the side door because Reagan will not acknowledge us, we have to see what we can get secretly. This precludes us from joining any other groups that are speaking out, and we are trying to work through conservative gay Republicans who support Reagan. They are going to take NGTF further to the right."

"Now the Task Force does not represent the community. It is misrepresenting itself as the leader of the gay community. The Task Force is only really Charlie and Lucia and the board."

"The Task Force doesn't get a lot of requests for help any more," Burrows said. "People know historically not to ask the Task Force for anything because there's been a continuing crisis, a financial crisis, or we don't have the time or the staff to do anything. The two people who answer the phones go to the Gay-*low Pages* or refer people to the Gay Switchboards."

Burrows said that future plans for the

Task Force under Brydon and Valeska included merging with Gay Rights Advocates, a San Francisco-based legal assistance group, and the takeover of the Gay Rights National Lobby.

"By hook or crook, Charlie's going to make sure we merge with GRA no matter what the board says. The reason we need to merge with GRNL is so that Charlie can be in charge of it. We have to meet with Steve [Indiano] so he doesn't feel we are trying to take over his organization, but yet we are trying to take over his organization."

(On April 11, members of the boards of NGTF and GRNL met in Washington to iron out problems related to the McCoskey letter and continuing tensions between the two groups. A major issue was Brydon's claim that NGTF would act in legislative areas, a zone of activity NGTF once acknowledged belonged to GRNL. The meeting ended with no resolution, and a short press release announced that another three months would be taken up in discussions with a new committee on which Brydon and Valeska would serve.)

Burrows said his account of the inner conflicts at NGTF was, in effect, endorsed by Valeska at the time he left.

"I'm afraid I'm playing right into Lucia's hands with this," said Burrows, whose job was as Valeska's civil rights aide. "I'm saying things she wants to say but can't. She knows that by presenting these issues Charlie will leave and she will be in charge. When I left the Task Force, Lucia told me I could say whatever I wanted to about the Task Force."

"I have never honestly felt that the people at the Task Force have a sense of urgency about the political climate," Burrows added. "Their urgency is that they get next week's paycheck."

The Native will devote equal space in its next issue to whatever editorial response the Task Force wishes to make.

Anti-Gay Recruiters Banned from Columbia Law

Finally acting on a resolution that was originally introduced three years ago, the faculty of the Columbia University Law School has banned employers who discriminate against gay people from recruiting for employees at the law school.

According to Gay Community News, the faculty took the action in March after a student brought a case of discrimination to the attention of pro-gay faculty members. The vote was 11-8 in favor of the measure, with several of the educators absent or abstaining.

The majority report of the faculty's Placement Committee—to which the resolution was referred in April 1978—said the recruiting regulation should be adopted because students' sexual preferences are unrelated to their "ability to perform effectively as members or associates of the firm or organization."

The committee's minority report, however, suggested barring only recruiters who asked students about the nature of their sexual orientation. It said that students who volunteered information about their sexual orientation should not be covered, and it offered no opinion on how to handle employers who received information about students' sexuality from sources other than the students themselves.

Demo Club Forms in Bronx

Gay residents of the Bronx, hoping to link with similar groups throughout the city, have organized an independent lesbian and gay democratic club.

The group plans to lobby intensively for passage of the city gay rights bill.

Gays to Join Anti-War March

Special buses for gay men and lesbians will be part of the anti-war caravan headed for Washington, D.C. on Sunday, May 3. Activist groups from all over the nation will arrive in the nation's capital for a day of protest against the U.S. war policy in El Salvador.

There will be a noon assemblage at Constitution Gardens, at the corner of Constitution Avenue and 23rd. The march to the Pentagon will begin at 1 p.m. and the rally at the Pentagon will begin at 2 p.m.

Participation of gay and lesbian groups marks a change in attitude in the anti-war movement. Older activists recall that in the anti-Viet-Nam war period, gay and

Tim Sullivan, who called the organization meeting, said, "It is vital that we develop political clout in all areas of the city in order to get the two or three extra votes in the City Council that are needed to pass the bill." Sullivan was a delegate to the 1980 Democratic National Convention.

Also lending their support to the Bronx residents were Peter Vogel and Bill Hirsch, the leaders of the Lambda Independent Democrats in Brooklyn and of Gay and Lesbian Independent Democrats in Manhattan.

lesbian groups were asked not to identify themselves as such. It was considered an "embarrassment" to the Sixties people.

The May 3 march on the Pentagon will provide buses for gay men and lesbians, which will depart at 6 a.m. from Sheridan Square at 7th Avenue South. Buses for lesbians will depart from 6th Avenue and 4th Street at 6 a.m. Round-trip tickets are \$20.

Buses will leave from other parts of the city, but not those intended specifically for gay and lesbian protesters. Committee people urge participants to purchase tickets in advance. Buses will be ordered based on the number of anticipated participants.

Information about tickets and the May 3 rally for gay/lesbian participation can be obtained by calling the People's Anti-War Mobilization (Lesbian and Gay Focus) at (212) 741-0633, or writing or visiting at 234 7th Avenue, NYC 10011.

Man Claims Police Entrapment

John LaPolla, a 34-year-old NYC gay male, has charged that he was arrested under false charges and beaten by an undercover NYPD vice cop.

LaPolla, speaking on April 14 before members of Integrity, a gay and lesbian Episcopal organization, stated, "If this nightmare could happen to me, it could happen to any gay person."

LaPolla reported that he was in his automobile, parked on West Street, at approximately 9:30 p.m. on Wednesday, April 1. He entered into a conversation with the driver of another car. LaPolla and the other man agreed that a sexual assignment was their shared goal. The stranger, still in his car, offered LaPolla \$10 if they got together. LaPolla recalls that he refused, stating, "I'm not into that."

The other man suggested that LaPolla enter his car. When seated, LaPolla reports, the guy "pulled out a badge and told me that he was a cop. He told me I was under arrest for prostitution. When he pulled out a pair of handcuffs, I backed away, thinking he could have been some kind of nut. He then hit me in the jaw and over the head. He told me I should come with him peacefully or get beat up."

The police officer drove him to Cen-

tral Booking. LaPolla told the Integrity audience that on the way he asked the cop, "Why are you doing this? You know I'm not a prostitute. There's lots of real crime out there."

The officer replied, "I hate faggots. That's why I'm doing it."

LaPolla was held for 20 hours. He was handcuffed for two hours in a tank with other men. He also had to stand for six hours, while waiting in an overcrowded bullpen.

A minister friend came to the Center and made an appeal to the Police, stating that he has known LaPolla for most of his life and could vouch that he was not a prostitute.

LaPolla has vowed that he will fight the case.

John LaPolla has been steadily employed for 15 years as an industrial show stagehand. He has never been arrested or involved in any altercation with law officials.

A mini-defense fund has been started by members of the gay community to help LaPolla fight his case. It is anticipated that initial legal expenses will run over \$500. Andy Humm of Dignity and David Rothenberg, a member of the NYC Human Rights Commission, have organized the LaPolla Defense Fund.

Checks may be made out to Washington Square Church/John LaPolla, and may be sent to the church at 135 W. 4th St., New York, NY 10012.

There have been reports of similar cases. LaPolla is one of the few who has stepped forward to fight it.

The Jury Box

Ronald Crumpley is the ex-transit police officer who is the suspect in the Ramrod slayings. His defense is expected to be that he is not responsible for reasons of mental disease or defect. At his last hearing on April 15, Assistant District Attorney Ruth Gordon acknowledged receiving the psychiatric report from the defense.

Although the psychiatrist for the prosecution had examined Crumpley, he had not yet completed the report and given it to A.D.A. Gordon. The next hearing in this case will be held on May 4, in Part 40, 100 Centre St., at 10 a.m.

Michael Petito was sentenced on two counts of second-degree assault on April 16. He was convicted for the attacks on a roller-skating gay man on Christopher Street, and another gay man who came to his aid. Both victims, assaulted on Sunday, November 16, 1980, were cut with broken bottles, and one was temporarily blinded.

Petito got a new lawyer, Guy J. Voelkelo, after his conviction. Mr. Voelkelo asked for a three-week postponement to enable him to prepare an appeal. Justice Kleiman denied the application for adjournment, and told the lawyer he could make a post-judgment motion when he obtained the transcript of the case.

Assistant District Attorney Hugh M. reviewed the facts of the case, which were stated as follows: Petito and three others senselessly attacked the two men, the victims were justifiably outraged. A.D.A. Mo pointed to Petito's extensive criminal record throughout the past 7-8 years—this despite the fact that he is only 25 years old. Mo said that since Petito had a prior felony conviction, the minimum sentence if convicted again would be 2-4 years. He asked that Petito be given more than the minimum sentence.

Petito's attorney, Mr. Voelkelo, spoke

in turn of Petito's family setting and his fiancé. Petito hopes to be married when he is released, and, according to Voelkelo, he will start a new life and change his ways. He discussed Petito's exemplary employment record, and asserted that Petito was not seeking out anyone in particular when he attacked the two gay men. Mr. Voelkelo asked the judge to impose the minimum sentence.

Michael Petito had no statement to make to the court.

Judge Kleiman said that he had examined Petito's probation reports, and his prior record, and the letters on his behalf. Judge Kleiman pointed out that the principal factor in this case was that it was an unprovoked attack on another citizen, followed by a second unprovoked attack on another citizen. The initial reason for the attack was disapproval of the victim's assumed life-style. He continued that he was attacking someone solely because he is a member of the gay community is no different than K.K.K. attacks on black people or Nazi attacks on Jews.

Judge Kleiman saw no show of remorse from the defendant, Petito was not able to accept blame for his actions, but rather attempted to blame others. (Petito had testified that one gay man started the incident by kicking his car, and said that the other gay man jumped into the fight unprovoked.) The jury determined that Petito had perjured himself.

Judge Kleiman sentenced Petito to two terms of 2½ to 5 years, to run concurrently.

Malcolm Botway, who allegedly pretended to be retaking the U.S. Census in order to gain entry into the apartment of an Upper East Side gay man, has been accused of robbery in the first and second degree, assault in the second and third degree, and grand larceny in the second and third degree. Police say that the victim was bludgeoned with a hammer. Botway is out on \$50 bail.

Botway is also a suspect in two cases in which gay men were given knockout



Malcolm Botway. Illustration by Bill Hendricks. drops in their apartments and subsequently robbed. His last court appearance was April 21, part 70, 100 Centre Street, at 10 a.m. Details of this hearing were unavailable at press time.

Patrick Moysse, who was Michael Petito's co-defendant, was sentenced on April 21 for his actions during the same assault. A.D.A. Mo cited Moysse's past record of six arrests, and his "violent behavior." He asked for a sentence of incarceration in State Prison.

Moysse's new lawyer, Neil J. Hurwitz, said Moysse had acted to help his friend Petito after Petito got into the fight. Judge Kleiman pointed out that Moysse had testified that he "chased him to get even." The lawyer cited Moysse's support of his family: \$50 every week for groceries, \$50 every month for his sister and her child, both of whom are on welfare. Hurwitz said that Moysse has had a rough time at Riker's during his 41 days since conviction, and that he may lose his job and union membership as a result of the conviction. Moysse worked as a bus mechanic for the city. The lawyer told the court that Moysse had given A.D.A. Mo the name, address, and description of the

third individual involved in the attacks. (Moysse had withheld this information previously.) Hurwitz asked the judge to be lenient in sentencing Moysse.

Moysse's own short statement to the court was inaudible to the audience, but he said something to the effect of "It was wrong."

Judge Kleiman said that the public is often misled into thinking that every crime can be categorized into one pattern to which similar sentences can be applied, but that in reality everyone is an individual. Petito and Moysse's motives and backgrounds were different. Moysse's conflict with the law was minimal, but that his actions still comprised a senseless, unprovoked attack in which two citizens were critically injured.

Judge Kleiman sentenced Patrick Moysse to 2 sentences of one year each to run concurrently.

David Sasser, one of the victims, was satisfied with Petito's sentence. But when he was told of Moysse's sentence, Sasser was furious. He said, "My problems are going to last longer than his punishment. I don't think it's justice." He recalled that Moysse was the person who had stabbed him with the knife, yet Moysse got a lighter sentence than Petito.

David Sasser has had to have cortisone shots and to exercise continually to avoid extensive rehabilitation for his shoulder, which was dislocated during the assault. Sasser needs surgery to realign his nose. He used to be able to make a living as a free-lance photographer, but he can no longer carry heavy photographic equipment as a result of the incident.

Charles Grosso is due in court on May 6. Recently extradited from California, he is a suspect in the slaying of a gay art dealer and his associate on February 22, 1980. His co-defendant, Victor Grube, pleaded guilty to first-degree robbery. He will be sentenced on June 10. Both appearances will be in Part 50, eleventh floor, 100 Centre St., at 10 a.m.

Bob Downing

Across the Border: Gay Immigrants on Parole

by Alan Hines

"Today a visa means nothing," warns attorney Michael J. Lavery. "Anyone can be challenged at the American border. This practice will only increase for those who are open—and generally, for those who are somewhat open, but who somehow reveal themselves to customs officials with gay guides, magazines, and so forth. One French visitor made the mistake of asking a customs inspector how to get to his friend's address. He showed the inspector the letter, and before he got it back the contents had been read."

"Officials may deny visas now by the way you look, talk, or dress," Lavery continues. As a branch of the State Department, Consulates are not subject to any judicial review. The State Department answers only to Congress. And Congress has the absolute authority to say who may or may not enter this country. At American Consulates, the practice has meant that anything and everything can happen.

Hans Koops arrived at JFK airport on March 30 with his visa stamped 21244. This indicated that he was a homosexual. Prior practice by American Consulates has been not to issue visas at all to openly gay persons. For some reason, grounds of exclusion were waived for the Dutch man. He was allowed to enter the U.S.—but with a label, assigned to call attention to his sexuality like a caste mark.

"I've never heard of this kind of visa being issued before," comments Roz Richter of Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund, who acted as Koops's attorney. "Although it was stamped with the statutory code which indicated sexual deviance, it might as well have been stamped 'homosexual.' It's staggering to me."

Koops applied to the American Consulate for a visa the first time about a year ago. As routine practice, they checked Dutch government records and found that he lived with another man in partially subsidized government housing. They were not lovers. Because his roommate was not Dutch, they needed some kind of legal bond between them to qualify for the housing. They applied to the government and received "legally recognized relationship" status which made them a household under Dutch law. When this information surfaced, the American Consulate asked Koops if he was a homosexual. He replied that he was. The visa was denied.

When he reapplied recently, the record of his prior denial surfaced. Again, he was

they're letting them in. It is frequently the course followed for famous authors or celebrities who are gay.

But Hans Koops has no connections. He's not known. He's not a gay activist. He's just a typical young gay man in his early twenties who wanted to see Greenwich Village, San Francisco and Miami. The American Consulate's office told him not to talk about his visa. Dutch homosexuals, they said, were different from American homosexuals.

Koops did talk. Those who learned about the special stamp on his visa were outraged. Two Dutch journalists, Reyer Breed and Diane DeConick, decided to come into the country with him and create an incident. Breed and DeConick produce and participate in a thirty-minute weekly gay program on Dutch radio. Both had previously been issued visas as journalists, unaltered by such a stamp.

They came through customs at JFK wearing a variety of gay rights buttons, including one which read, "I AM A HOMOSEXUAL TOO." Walking through

tional borders. The United States was one of the signers.

"We think that given the political position the Dutch government has taken against the U.S. anti-gay immigration policies, that the U.S. has quietly adopted this bizarre method of dealing with the situation," says Roz Richter. "It could be that in this particular case someone was nervous. The same week that Hans was to arrive, the Dutch Foreign Minister was scheduled to meet with Reagan. Whether that contributed we don't know. But it was clearly some political fear on the part of the U.S. that some incident would arise from this."

During the past several years, there have been a number of changes in the way the exclusion law has been enforced. This was triggered by the Carl Hill case in San Francisco. In 1979, Hill was stopped from entering San Francisco because he wore a gay pride button. He was excluded as a psychopathic personality. This was confirmed by the Public Health Service. Gay Rights Advocates challenged these actions and brought about a judiciary decision which said that customs officials could not stop homosexuals unless they openly stated they were gay.

Last September, NGTF attempted to get a judiciary decision that the law was no longer enforceable. But the Justice said that the law should be changed, and that the INS could not enforce it unless tourists volunteered information about their homosexuality.

"Under present operating administrative policy for enforcing the current law by the immigration service, only if an individual offers the information about himself or another member traveling in the same group can immigration officials ask: are you a homosexual?" states Charles Brydon, Co-Executive Director of NGTF. "Only under those circumstances is the issue supposed to come up."

The Cranston-Beilenson Bill, which is about to be reintroduced in the House, would amend the INS Act. This bill would repeal exclusion aimed specifically at homosexuals who try to come into the country. When the bill was first introduced last year, it met with "delays, standstills, and a lot of red tape" according to Melinda Rice of Congressman Beilenson's office. The cosponsors expected a recommendation from the U.S. Select Commission on Immigration and Refugee Policy, but one aimed specifically at the exclusion policy never came. Instead, the Commission stated that this exclusion was outmoded and should be updated. NGTF has provided Beilenson and other cosponsors of the bill with language to improve it this time around.

"Once the law has changed," Brydon explains, "dropping any exclusion on the basis of sexual orientation means that homosexuality should no longer be a consideration in issuing visas, or at the port of entry."

The law is clear that any American, gay or not, is allowed to leave and come back in. Richter believes that people who are here on a visitor's visa and decide to leave for a time may be in a different situation.

The Cuban refugees were allowed to enter the U.S. under special parole status. As an unofficial policy, the Carter Administration allowed them to remain. The present administration seems to be following that decision. No legislation has been enacted on behalf of the gay Cubans. Technically, they could be excluded. The group who admitted to the INS that they were gay will not be able to receive per-

Continued on page 14



asked if he was a homosexual and he said that he was. At that time, they proceeded to question him extensively. How did he feel about being a homosexual? Did he think he was sick? Did he think it was normal? Was anyone in his family homosexual? Were his parents homosexual? The interrogation lasted almost thirty minutes.

Richter comments that such questioning is unusual. It may have been done to determine Koops's mental state in some attempt to deny the visa without a medical certificate. It appears that he underwent the ordeal calmly, answering rationally. They told him they would be unable to make a decision right away, that they would have to check with the central Immigration and Naturalization Service office in Frankfurt. The next week, he was issued a visa stamped with 21244. But the grounds of exclusion, they told him, would be waived.

Had he not been living in government subsidized housing, the issue would never have surfaced. Richter wonders why they didn't just give him the visa without a stamp. Since they were permitting him to enter the country, why was it necessary? "As far as I can tell," she says, "no one has ever entered with this code before, and with a waiver. It's not been done."

Under the present law, anyone suspected of being a homosexual is excludable, meaning that they need not be allowed entry. The Attorney General's office does have the authority to waive those grounds, to say that in a particular case they could exclude a person, but

customs, they pointed to each other. "He's a homosexual," DeConick said. "She's a homosexual," Breed countered. At that point, the Customs Inspector stopped them and asked if they were both homosexuals. They said they were. Then an Immigration Inspector approached and took them out of line. In a separate room, he asked them if they wanted to make that official, and they said they did. They also explained why they had come in and what they were doing. Both signed a sworn statement to that effect. They were then "paroled in" or "deferred in," pending an exclusionary hearing. The hearing took place on Thursday after their arrival. Since they had planned to leave that day anyway, the Immigration judge did not make a decision. They withdrew their application, and suddenly it was as though they had never entered.

Breed and DeConick entered the U.S. not only to make a political statement, but also to raise the issue in Holland. They have since filed a protest with the Dutch delegation to the U.N. and to the Dutch Parliament. "One can assume the Dutch government has made protests against U.S. policy in the U.N.," says Michael Lavery, who represented both journalists at their hearing. This action is in direct violation of the Helsinki Accord for Freedom of Travel, he adds. The Helsinki Agreement, signed in 1975, not only called for increased economic cooperation between nations of Eastern and Western Europe, but also for a freer exchange of people and ideas across interna-

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by David Rothenberg

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- 1) Some people don't want to carry a paper because it won't fit into the pockets of their costume.
- 2) The price of the paper is too steep for some (though it costs less than a joint, being sold just four feet away, or a bottle of beer, sold six yards down the street).
- 3) And there are gay men who say they read nothing, abstaining from Norman Mailer, the *New York Times*, and foreign movies with subtitles.

But I am compelled to this typewriter for a fourth reason, too frequently expressed. Over and over again, gay men have said to me, in almost identical words, "I'm not interested. I'm only gay in the bedroom." Boastfully they announce, "I'm not political. I don't go to gay organizations or buy gay papers" as they sashay off to Ty's or Badlands.

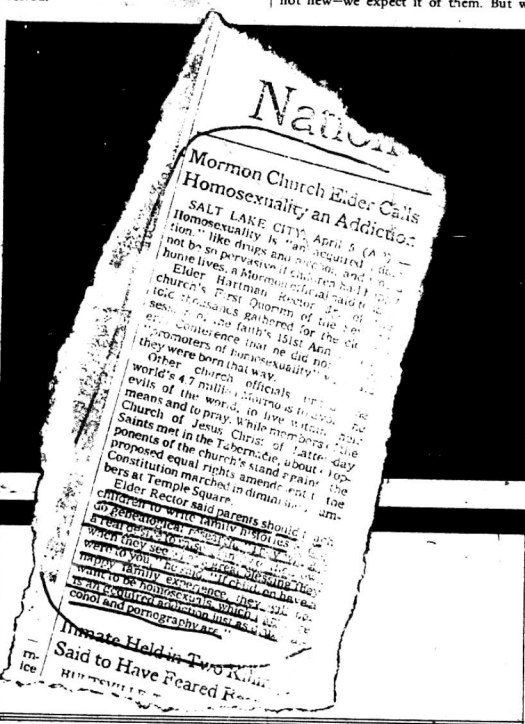
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Gay activists and gay newspapers spend a great deal of time and effort guessing how heterosexuals perceive us but very little time addressing the victims of self-oppression. We have a long way to go in educating the gay community about itself.

Nearly every day I receive a phone call or a letter concerning the arrest or imprisonment of a gay male. A friend calls about humiliation and taunting from a transit police officer. . . . A letter is received from a Boston man doing county time for sodomy. . . . A landlord attempts to evict his gay tenants. . . . A gay movie house is raided. . . . A government worker is facing blackmail. . . . An activist receives a threat on his life. . . . A man is jumped and mauled while walking on a Village street.

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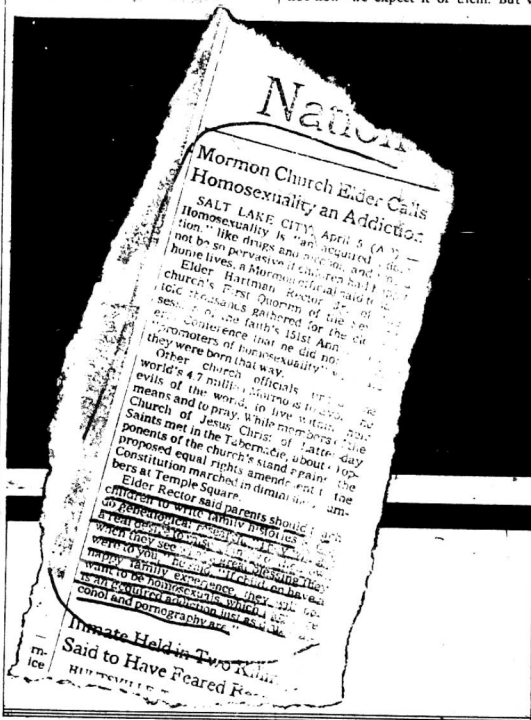
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Gays to Canada: No More Shit!

by Scott Tucker

In 1970 the Canadian government, with Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau heading the Liberal Party, invoked the War Measures Act to suppress an uprising in the French-Canadian province of Quebec. In the years since the largest mass arrests have been directed at gays without any pretext of a state of national emergency. In 1977 more than 50 police raided the Truxx and Le Mystique, two gay bars in Montreal. Clad in riot gear and armed with machine guns, the police arrested 146 men. All were jailed for hours without bail, and all were forced to submit to VD tests. They were charged with being found-ins at a common bawdy house, a vague and convenient charge. The Quebec gay community Rights Association leafleted bars and baths, and by the following night 2,000 gays were confronting police in the streets. While this Canadian Stonewall spurred gays on to further activism, the police had set a precedent for an act of even greater scope and brutality.

On February 5, 1981, over 150 police raided four Toronto steambaths, arresting 309 men. The police wreaked havoc with crowbars and sledgehammers, and subjected bath patrons to a variety of taunts and tortures. In a folio report on the raids prepared for the Toronto City Council, over twenty of those charged gave anonymous testimony about their experience. These are excerpts:

"While lined up with fifty or sixty other men, I could hear doors being smashed and glass broken. Patrons were made to stand facing the wall. After forty-five minutes one patron turned green and asked if he could sit down. The police wouldn't allow him to. A few minutes later he fainted and fell to the floor."

"There was one cop who was particularly vicious. He kept referring to German many times. This officer was nicknamed 'The Animal.' He was particularly vicious toward people who wore wedding rings. He would say to them, 'This is going to be the biggest fucking mistake of your life.'"

"One policeman said, in the shower room while we were lined up against the wall, 'I wish these pipes were hooked up to gas so I could annihilate you all.' I remember particularly his use of the word 'annihilate.'"

"They went through my wallet and noted things like my... citizenship card, car registration, company dental plan number, my charge cards, and social insurance number. I asked why they were taking that down and I was told, 'Don't you question the police?' They then went on and demanded to know where I worked, my employer's name, the name of my superior and his capacity in the company as well as his phone number."

They also wanted my wife's name, her employer, and her telephone number."

"I was still naked and asked if I could have my clothes. He said, 'No, turn around, bend over, and spread your cheeks. I said spread your cheeks. Don't tell me you haven't done that before.' I finally felt I had to bend over."

"It got colder because the heat had gone out. After three quarters of an hour naked on the concrete floor and with my arms up on the outside brick wall, my arms were aching and cold. One officer clamped his hand on my neck and said, 'Get 'em higher, higher.' I told them I couldn't get them any higher and he said, 'I wouldn't believe anything you said, you fucking queer.'"

George Hsiolp, a gay businessman and politician in Toronto, called the raids of February 5 the gay equivalent of "Crystal Night in Germany—when the Jews found out where they were really at."

By noon the following day an emergency meeting was held at the offices of *The Body Politic*. A sound truck was secured, marshalls were recruited, and leaflets calling for a protest were printed. By midnight a crowd was gathering at Yonge and Wellesley, blowing whistles, carrying signs, and chanting, "No more shit!" The crowd swelled to 1,500 people and marched down Yonge Street, Toronto's busiest strip, flustering police who could do nothing but re-route traffic.

Though the crowd did not follow "the line of march," they showed restraint and savvy in choosing a new route and targets for their anger. As in San Francisco, these targets were almost exclusively police property and halls of government. At Dundas Street an ineffective barricade of cop cars was pished on, a windshield was broken, and the crowd surged on. Thirty straight men linked arms to block University Avenue, but the crowd had grown to 3,000, and they were quickly scattered. At 52 Division, where the found-ins had been jailed earlier, the crowd chanted, "Fuck you, 52!" The police, 195 strong, stood shoulder to shoulder around their glass, brick, and concrete fortress. They were given mocking Nazi salutes.

From 52 Division the crowd moved on to the nearby Ontario legislature, a symbol of bankruptcy and betrayal since all three of Canada's major parties had recently turned down the chance to legislate civil rights for gays. The marshalls could not control the crowd's turn toward civil disobedience: hundreds of people broke the front line and those who reached the legislature began slamming their bodies against the oak doors. There was scattered violence as police moved in. Marshalls dispersed the crowds in groups. Eleven people were arrested.

The Right to Privacy Committee

(RTPC), as well as other gay groups, worked to establish solidarity with labor, feminists, racial minorities, and ethnic communities. On February 20 this work paid off in the form of a spirited march and rally of 4,000 gays and their supporters, once again following the route used on February 5. Lemona Johnson, widow of a black man who had been shot to death in his home by Toronto police, addressed the crowd: "The murder of Albert, my husband, was one of the most brutal and senseless killings of any innocent man that has ever taken place in this city. The raids and arrests of members of the Toronto gay community is a further indication that the police force of this city is lacking in discipline and proper supervision. I have a responsibility to my children, myself, and my community to speak out."

Mrs. Josephine Godlewski, a 59-year-old Italian-born housewife, asked, "First there was the blacks. Now the gay people. Who is next? Me?" Wally Majesky, president of the Labour Council of Metro Toronto, stated that members of the "trade union movement were appalled by the calculated, vicious vindictiveness of the actions that took place. . . . We are



The Feb. 20 demonstration. Photo by Gerald Hannon/The Body Politic.

here to tell you that we support you in your cause. . . . We will stand by you all the way."

Tim McCaskell of *The Body Politic* addressed this message to the cheering crowd, "We've shown Ron McMurry (Ontario's Attorney General) and that gang of hacks that presently masquerade as a police commission in this city something I think they're even more afraid of than gay rage—and that's unity. Unity with all minority groups in this city. Tonight, citizens of Toronto, straight and gay, black and white, immigrant and Canadian-born, have come out to stand beside a gay community under attack."

During the National March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights, a visiting gay Canadian told me that the whole event was distinctly "U.S." in flavor. He meant, in part, that while gays in the U.S. argue that the denial of our civil rights is unconstitutional, Canadian gays can't argue on the same grounds. Canada never had a revolution, and has no real constitution to this day. Canada maintains Anglo-Saxon traditions of common law, but Canada's Bill of Rights is not part of the British-North America Act. This act defines relations between branches of government, but civil rights and liberties can be repealed by a simple act of Parliament, and were, in fact, suspended for six months during the 1970 Quebec crisis.

Because Britain has a Labor Party, and because of unbroken ties between Canada and Britain, socialism has always been less exotic and sinister for most Canadians than it is for most Americans. Canada's New Democratic Party (NDP) tends to the "soft" end of the socialist spectrum: it is the party of choice for most of those Canadian gay activists who are willing to affiliate with one of Canada's three major parties.

The other two parties are the Progress-

sive Conservatives and the Liberals. The Conservatives introduced a Bill of Rights as one means of legitimizing their Progressive tag, but this Bill carries little weight without a constitution. Support for a constitution which includes a bill of rights is growing among all three parties, but it will be up to gay Canadians at the grass-roots level to agitate for the inclusion of a "sexual orientation" clause. Few gay Canadians have the legalistic illusion that a certain clause in a certain document will guarantee gay liberation, but such reforms are worth winning, if only because they are less ambiguous than Pierre Trudeau's infamous reform of the Criminal Code in 1969. At that time many thought that Trudeau's liberalization of the law had decriminalized homosexuality, and Trudeau himself was fond of saying that "the state has no place in the bedrooms of the nation." In fact, Canada's bawdy house laws permit police to break down doors at will. Trudeau is a classic technocrat liberal who doesn't want to burden Canada's courts, jails, and budget with the arrest and prosecution of harmless deviants. When the right and the police persecute such deviants, however, Trudeau hardly has the spine to defend their rights. There has been thunderous silence from Canada's political establishment concerning the brutal raids which have occurred since 1969, culminating in the mass round-up of February 5.

The mood of many Canadian gays was reflected in an editorial published in *The Body Politic* shortly after the February 5 raids. The editorial offered "no apologies" for the gay rebellion, under the heading "No Votes," it read in part, "No matter who wins the March 19 Ontario election, the government will get in. And it will be a government unsympathetic to the rights of lesbians and gay men. . . . Spoil your ballot in the polling booth. . . . Be ingenious: think of a slogan or find a sticker to put on the ballot to explain why it was spoiled. . . . We have hesitated in the past to recommend exclusive reliance on the electoral process as a vehicle to achieve our liberation as lesbians and gay men. The events of recent months have amply justified our skepticism."

Ontario's Attorney General, Roy McMurry, who is thought by many to have ordered the recent raids, has also waged a campaign to drive *The Body Politic* under with court trials and legal fees. It has covered government and police repression thoroughly, and is an embarrassment to the authorities. McMurry charged *The Body Politic* with obscenity when it printed an article on man/boy love, although it was acquitted, the Canadian legal system permits the government to appeal acquittals. They did, despite international protest on behalf of the magazine and free speech, and once again *The Body Politic* faces an expensive legal fight.

I travelled from Philadelphia to Toronto a few weeks ago to attend and speak at a conference on "Fighting the Right," sponsored by Toronto's Gays and Lesbians Against the Right Everywhere (GLARE). I flippantly invented another acronym—Sybaritic Militants Into Lust and Ecstasy (SMILE)—but the members of GLARE were, in fact, a lively and pleasant group of people. Gary Kinsman, my host and a conference organizer, traded gossip with me, including news of love affairs and our battles with certain mechanical Marxists. His roommate, Bob, is a gay librarian and trade unionist in the Canadian Union of Public Employees, allied (like most Canadian unions) to the NDP, and roughly similar to AFSCME in the U.S. Their apartment had a library of gay, feminist,

labor, and left books, ferns in the windows, eight big fish tanks filled with news, fish, frogs, and turtles, and a charming ferret which tunneled into my boots and nibbled my toes at night.

The GLARE conference began with songs sung by The Red Berets, a socialist-feminist women's chorus, including favorites like "Bread and Roses" and "Still Ain't Satisfied." A presentation followed on the Canadian right and the importance of uniting with other harassed communities to fight it. Toronto has large black, West Indian, Asian, Polish, Italian, and Portuguese communities, but business speculators and old Anglo aristocracy have known in the past how to keep them all "in their place." There is a real taste of Calvinism among many of the elite, who must have been quite shocked by the gay uprising: sodomy might be tolerated on the periphery, but bad manners are inexcusable.

I sensed that very few among the two hundred conference participants swallowed either the "hard" socialism of the old left or the "soft" socialism of the NDP. Many simply called themselves "leftists." It is, in fact, in the independent movements of upstart labor, minorities, women, and gays that the real left is being reformed in Canada, the U.S., and many other places. I gave a message of solidarity from the Lavender Left Network, a coalition of lesbian and gay socialists based in the U.S., and I congratulated those Canadians who had the good sense to protest Reagan's recent visit to Trudeau: "Reagan, like acid rain, is a U.S. export which Canada does not need." Not one hostile person challenged me to defend the oppression of gays in Cuba, which, of course, is indefensible. Everyone took for granted that there are ideals worth pursuit which are more collective than a "share" on Fire Island.

Setting aside Canada's uniformed fascists (they, too, have the Klan and the Nazis), Canada's "mainstream" right is Moral Majoritarianism in make-up groups like the Moderate Majority, Renaissance International, the League Against Homosexuals, Positive Parents, and the Pro-Family Coalition are religious, patriotic, and patriarchal, though not so rabidly militaristic as the U.S. right. Canada has neither the arsenal nor the national will to wage crusades against world communism. The Canadian right has not yet achieved the corporate cast of the U.S. right; the ideology of Flag, Faith, and Family is less dynamic in Canada, largely because Canada's right has not yet exploited the full potential of computerized mailing lists and the electronic media.

Canada's right does not yet have the power to lever a Reagan into high office. It does have the power to make politicians run scared, and to shift public discourse and policy to the right. The Canadian right has savaged the New Democratic Party's formal pro-gay policy, equating a vote for the NDP with a vote for sexual mayhem. It waged war against Toronto's liberal Mayor Sewell, who spoke at a support rally for *The Body Politic*, and against George Hislop, one of Sewell's political appointees and a candidate himself. Both were defeated in Toronto's recent municipal elections.

At the GLARE conference there was a display of Canadian right-wing anti-gay literature. A leaflet by Positive Parents attacked school trustees "who voted to allow militant homosexuals and lesbians in to your schools to recruit from among your children." The Moderate Majority warned of the impending "threat of militants to degrade 'Toronto the Good' into 'San Francisco North.'" The League Against Homosexuals proclaimed: "Queers



"We deny any allegations of police harassment." — Phil Owens, Police Commission chairman.

Do Not Produce: They Seduce! Do you want your children taught by queers? Do you wish to kill our future? Any sane, rational, healthy society does not need queers for anything." The League offered a list of "pro-queers": John Sewell, dishonourable mayor of Toronto, who promotes queers at every opportunity; "George" Hislop, queer from Ward 6 currently seeking election on the platform of being a "super-queer"; many left-wing Liberals; the so-called "Human Rights Commission," who would consider it a violation of a queer's "civil rights" if it wasn't allowed to seduce your child; all communists, and other misfits and rabble. . . . Who is against queers? All decent citizens. All couples that produce children. All Right-Wing Political Parties. All Those Who Believe in Christ And His Teachings."

Renaissance International, which sponsored Anita Bryant's Canadian Crusade, used the hysteria of the Ontario NDP's former head, Stephen Lewis, to its own advantage. It reported that Lewis had been "riveted" when CBS-TV's Special News Report, "Gay Power, Gay Politics," had been shown in the Toronto area. Lewis announced on radio some days later that his "sense of revulsion" had "not yet abated," and that the gay vote in San Francisco was "horribly menacing." This made perfect copy for Renaissance International: if even a "socialist" like Lewis had enough decency left to be outraged, then surely true Christians could not be complacent!

Perhaps the most useful document for the purposes of the GLARE conference was a broadside from The Moderate Majority: "Mayor Sewell slanders all legitimate minorities . . . by lumping them in the same category as flaunting homosexuals, and thereby treats blacks, Jews, West Indians, and other such socially creative minorities, including women, on the same basis as those whose acquired sexual disorientation is their unique characteristic . . . homosexuals constitute a minority like alcoholics." The right is willing to pay lip service to "socially creative minorities" when it intends to single out some other minority for abuse, the actual racism and sexism of the right then becomes a minor contradiction.

Besides workshops on Trade Unions, the Klan, the Police, and Gay Self-Defense, the conference also featured a theatrical piece played by two lesbians. In a mimed segment, we watched a policeman putting on his armor, even as machismo was being deflated, at some distance from him sat a woman at her dressing table,

painting pink triangles on her cheeks before joining the gay uprising in the streets. When she had finished putting on her make-up, she glanced over the audience, and turned the mirror to reflect our faces.

On March 23, 1981, the Moral Majority, Inc. ran a full-page ad in the *New York Times* headed with a quote from its president, evangelist Jerry Falwell: "They have labeled Moral Majority the Extreme-Right because we speak out against Extreme Wrong!" The Moral Majority "is made up of millions of Americans . . . who are sick and tired of the way many amoral and secular humanists and other liberals are destroying the traditional family and the moral values on which our nation was built." Voicing ideas which inspired Canada's Moderate Majority, this ad continued, "We oppose legislation that might promote homosexuals as a 'bonafide minority' like women, blacks, Hispanics, etc."

On April 7, 1981, two weeks later, *The Advocate* ran an equally striking ad with this heading: "Why would a gay magazine buy this \$18,000 page in the *New York Times*?" Because most of *The Advocate's* "350,000 readers . . . are male, affluent, and have an appreciably larger than average disposable income," that's why. "Together, these three characteristics qualify *The Advocate* reader as a near perfect target for a wide variety of consumer goods and services from wine and liquor to movies, travel, and clothing." Two *Advocate* executive clones were pictured, and we were told where they shop, travel, and exercise. Since the frantic blundering of the National Gay Task Force is not working—they actually sent congratulations to Reagan on his election—why not give gay consumerism a chance?

Entrepreneurs, both gay and straight, must share credit and blame for the quality of life in urban gay ghettos. It would be cynical to say they are only cashing in on gay alienation; and it would be sentimental to claim they are only providing havens in a heartless world. *The Advocate's* leap from the ghetto into the *New York Times* certainly helps to "mainstream" gay executives and professionals, the *Advocate's* owner and editorial writer David Goodstein preaches this kind of integration as the best defense against the right. The very nature of our economy, however, prohibits the average gay worker and consumer from reaching the same level of integration as the successful gay entrepreneur.

On the day after the GLARE conference, Gary Kinsman and I visited a gay men's collective house in Toronto to meet with George Smith, the Acting Chairperson of the Right to Privacy Committee. The house is pleasant and well-kept; George's room is an efficient bedroom-office unit; and George himself is charming and articulate. During our discussion we noted that many of the most militant gay actions were a result of gays coming to the defense of the ghetto. The RTPC itself was organized in the wake of steam-bath raids. In 1978 George Hislop brought his own case directly to the gay community when police raided The Barracks, a bath in which he had business interests. To Hislop's credit, he always acknowledged that The Barracks catered to a gay clientele, and he hired a good lawyer to defend his employees. Some other businessmen charged as bawdy house keepers had claimed that their baths were "legitimate" straight saunas where gays sometimes trespassed, thereby arousing considerable hostility in the gay community. Hislop, an enlightened entrepreneur, gained support in the gay community and took steps into city politics. The media began calling him the unofficial gay mayor of Toronto.

George Smith said that the membership of RTPC (currently around 700) rose sharply after the recent raids. George is politically leftist, but he criticized the mechanical ultra-left attacks sometimes made against gay ghettos, which are, after all, liberated zones as well as detention camps. He said that some of the most political people in Toronto and in RTPC are those "who are into the raunchy kind of sex, not necessarily leather and S-M, but recreational rather than romantic sex." We speculated about the continuum from tricking to romance to domesticity. Lovers who are accumulating coffee tables and Cuisinarts may not care to spend evenings on the front lines of a street protest. For those who spend many evenings at bars and baths, however, the raids were not only an invasion of privacy, they were also an invasion of the semi-commercial, semi-communal public life of the gay ghetto. It was in their own self-interest to take to the streets; it is the ghetto which forged the conviction that our right to privacy will never be secure until the public world is truly free.

Our economic structure certainly allows and even encourages penetration by gay entrepreneurs, but a consequence of their success is the growth of gay ghettos which rouse deep and furious cultural and political resistance. The only thing which is truly private about most baths and bars is the property, and it is primarily our public existence, not our right to privacy, which is under assault by the right. This general rule is proved by certain dramatic exceptions: a Canadian gay teacher was charged with keeping a bawdy house when police raided his home in 1979. It is these kinds of public figures, or those whom the right believes are in a position to "proselytize," who are most likely to face private raids.

Canada's bawdy house laws do, of course, apply to whorehouses, but they also apply to any place where "acts of indecency" are committed. Judges and police can interpret "place" and "indecency" very freely; in fact, when gay sex itself is defined as indecent, any place where gays have sex can be defined as a bawdy house. There are times and places in which even the affluent assimilated members of otherwise oppressed groups are sacrificed so that repression can proceed systematically. The gay elite may

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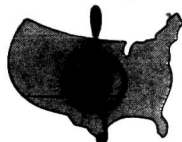
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PAROLE

Continued from page 10

manent resident alien cards, even if they're allowed to remain. Unless special legislation is passed, or the overall INS Act is amended, they are simply in limbo.

"It is surprising to me that more Italian men are not denied visas," Lavery comments. "They wear tight pants and carry purses, and to the people employed by the State Department, that means homosexual. It's a good way to get punched out."

Lavery thinks that the basic assumption of the U.S. government is that any person coming into this country is an immigrant, that they are coming to stay. They don't assume that tourists just want to visit. The applicant for entry must

prove that he is eligible, that he is not a communist, not a subversive, not a sexual deviant, and not a public burden or a psychotic personality. He says that Canada has similar grounds for exclusion, though it is not enforced as strongly.

What can tourists expect in the summer months to come, when transatlantic travel activity is at a peak?

"We may see this situation again," says Richter. "It may be an indication that while waivers are issued in certain cases, they may not be issued in others. There's going to be a lot of arbitrary action around it."

"Whether or not this sort of incident comes up again will depend on the interest and motives of the traveler," says Charles Brydon. "That will be the key factor. If the tourist wants to just visit a country, then that person will not raise the issue of his or her homosexuality. But

if they are coming over here to make a political statement, then it can be expected."

In 1982, the International Gay Association plans to hold its annual conference in the United States, probably in Philadelphia or in Washington, D.C. Already there is some concern as to what will happen at that point. Several hundred lesbian and gay activists will be coming into the country. Most of them are open and will not lie about their homosexuality.

"The IGA people will probably be 'paroled in' for a brief period like the two Dutch journalists were," says Brydon. "How the present administration will react to a number of people arriving to attend this specific conference is unknown. They could react with hostility and say, that no one who admits he or she is a homosexual will be admitted into the country. Or they may go for the status quo

which is the parole procedure. Until the Carl Hill case is resolved, the government is going to be very careful how they enforce the current law."

"It's very hard to get a sense of what's going on with the government at this point," says Richter. "With the summer months coming on, we're just going to have to wait and see."

"The current policy," Lavery surmises, "is to encourage lying."

Hans Koops spent several days in New York before heading out to California to begin his month-long travels. He comes back around the last week in April. He will have seen L.A., San Francisco, Miami, and Washington by the time his thirty-day visa is up and he has to return to the Netherlands. In that respect, he is not unlike hundreds of other European travelers who come every year to see for themselves what America is like.

Over the last decade gay rights leaders and organizations have been responsible for opening the eyes of many people in government, business, and society at large to the injustices that are suffered by gay men and lesbians on a daily basis. In the process they have succeeded in having laws passed, court decisions handed down, employment policies altered, and attitudes changed—all of which have resulted in steady, if gradual, improvement in the conditions under which gay people have suffered in the past.

The single most important milestone in the achievement of these advances was probably the decision made in 1973 by the American Psychiatric Association to remove homosexuality per se from its list of mental illnesses as enumerated in the APA's Diagnostic and Statistical Manual. While this change in American psychiatry's official position toward homosexuality was widely publicized and has served as the basis upon which gay rights leaders have built their arguments in favor of further civil rights progress in the intervening years, the full story of how that change actually came about—and what it means for society as a whole—has never been told.

Homosexuality and American Psychiatry: The Politics of Diagnosis, by Ronald Bayer (Basic Books, New York, 1981), tells how the APA resolved the question of its position on homosexuality, resulting in 22 million "sick" lesbians and gay men being "cured" overnight. A political scientist by training, Bayer examines the politics behind the reclassification decision, detailing the confrontations between the gay rights movement and the APA and between opposing factions within the APA.

In the book Bayer cautions that because the reclassification lacked a coherent theoretical orientation (as did its original classification as an illness), it is thus vulnerable to societal pressures, which of late have been increasingly conservative. "In removing homosexuality from the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual," states Bayer, "the Psychiatric Association symbolically deprived American society of its most important justification for refusing to grant legitimacy to homosexuality. As the need for such a justification resurfaces in the current period, pressure will mount on psychiatrists to reclassify homosexuality as a disorder." Bayer prescribes strong resistance on the part of a well-organized gay community and its psychiatric allies.

Ronald Bayer has been an Associate for Policy Studies at The Hastings Center since 1978. He received his Ph.D. in political science from the University of Chicago, and is a Post-Doctoral Fellow in the Department of Psychiatry at Albert Einstein College of Medicine.

Charles Silverstein, Ph.D., is a psychologist in private practice in New York City. He is the author of *Man to Man: Gay Couples in America* and is the co-author of *The Joy of Gay Sex*. It was he who actually made the presentation on the reclassification of homosexuality before the Nomenclature Committee of the American Psychiatric Association.

SILVERSTEIN: You have just written a book on homosexuality and American psychiatry. What makes it different from all the other books on gay topics that fill the shelves?

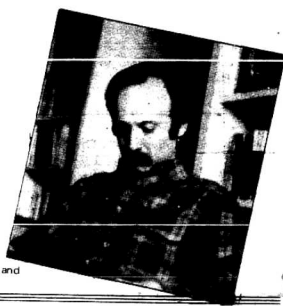
BAYER: In the great battle between the gay community and American psychiatry—a battle over whether homosexuality should be called an illness—three themes are united in a striking fashion.

First, I tried to trace the radical trans-

How Psychiatry Will Make You Sick Again

A Conversation with
Dr. Ronald Bayer and
Dr. Charles Silverstein

Ronald Bayer, author of *Homosexuality and American Psychiatry*



formation of the self-perception of gays in the period since World War II—that is, a transformation marked by increasing self-affirmation and hostility to psychiatry.

The second theme has to do with the shifting attitudes of American society toward sexuality in general. Understanding the struggle for gay liberation is impossible without understanding the changing attitudes towards sexuality, a change marked by the acknowledgment that sexual pleasure is an end in itself and does not receive its justification from procreation.

The third theme has to do with the shifting attitudes of psychiatrists towards sexuality and homosexuality. All three themes are part of the politics of diagnosis.

What do you mean by "the politics of diagnosis"?

The American Psychiatric Association's decision on homosexuality was political. First, because it involved the play of bitterly antagonistic social forces locked in controversy in a furious battle. The victory of gays was the result of that struggle. Secondly, I believe that on the most profound level all diagnoses are political; they represent social choices about human behavior and they represent decisions to classify certain behavior as acceptable or unacceptable.

What made you, as a social scientist, write a book about homosexuality?

I've been interested in the relationship between psychiatry and society, between psychiatry and law. I spent a number of years studying the problem of addiction and the way in which the medical profession tried to reinterpret the meaning of addiction, "transforming" it from a crime to a disease. Then I became interested in the psychiatric effort to explain crime and juvenile delinquency.

Several years ago a psychoanalyst at The Hastings Center suggested to me that as a non-psychiatrist I might be able to

write an interesting account of why psychiatry removed homosexuality from its sick list, *The Diagnostic and Statistical Manual*. I liked the challenge of being a professional outsider peering in.

You mentioned drug addiction and crime and homosexuality—so you are really talking about a basic question of how psychiatry gets involved with social problems rather than personal problems.

I don't see it quite that way. I believe psychiatry became involved with both social and personal problems. The two are linked. In the 20th century psychiatry began to assume a very important role in the United States in trying to explain, to control, to cure behavior that in other periods would have been called sinful or evil. For those who were appalled by the brutality of the law, the "intrusion" of psychiatry was seen as a great advance.

After all, it was better for doctors to treat addicts than to have them thrown into jails and beaten over the head.

In the same way, it was thought to be an advance for psychiatrists to work on homosexuality. After all, if homosexuality was an illness, it was wrong to punish homosexuals. From the vantage of 1980 that may seem strange, but it was only 30 years ago that gay men and women themselves were debating the question of whether homosexuality was a disease.

Then what went wrong with this idea? Or do you think anything did go wrong?

Because society remained hostile to homosexuality, medicine became part of the apparatus of social control and condemnation. The psychiatric outlook became a key element in society's continuing hostility to homosexuals. On a social level, psychiatry served to bolster the status quo. The label "sick" provided justification for outrageous social practices—though, for instance, Freud always opposed the anti-homosexual restrictions of his time.

You mentioned a couple of minutes ago how sin became translated into sickness. In researching this book, you spoke

with quite a few psychiatrists and psychoanalysts. On the basis of your experience with them, did you find that they were in fact talking about sin but calling it sickness, or do you think they really had a more objective view?

Many psychiatrists believe that the advance of psychiatry as a "science" has made possible the replacement of values by "objective truth." They believe that diseases like the "disease of homosexuality" exist in nature, are discovered like microbes. I think they are wrong. In fact, the point of my book is to show how social values determine our beliefs about health and sickness.

When Irving Bieber says that "all psychoanalytic theories begin with the assumption that homosexuality is an illness," he proves my point. There is no question for me that the psychiatric classification of homosexuality as an illness reflects the cultural-religious values of our society—so does the classification of schizophrenia. Psychoanalytic investigations seek to explain how homosexuality comes into existence. The psychoanalytic investigation of homosexuality can't tell us that homosexuality is an illness.

In what ways did psychiatry have an impact on the way gays viewed themselves?

In the early 1950s many gays believed that they were sick. There were great debates on the issue in the Mattachine Society and in the Daughters of Bilitis. Often gay groups invited proponents of the sickness theory to address them. One of the tasks of my study is to trace the way in which gays first accepted then struggled with the psychiatric perspective.

Like Albert Ellis?

Yes. Albert Ellis, who made it very clear that he thought that homosexuality was a neurosis, was a key figure at meetings of the Mattachine Society—he was a guest of honor at conventions!

Mattachine would invite him over all the time, and he would stand up there and tell them how sick they were and they would applaud. What accounts for the change? How did gays come to reject Ellis and the other psychiatrists?

I believe that the struggle of gays for a shift in their status in American society was dramatically influenced by the powerful political upheaval of the 1960s—the politics of blacks for civil rights, the feminist movement, the anti-war movement. Of course, there were forces inside the gay movement, too, but the character of the gay struggle would have been very different in ways that are scarcely imaginable without those other movements.

I can remember that many of us looked upon the black movement, in particular, and the beginnings of the women's movement as our guide. The feeling was that they were models for us. How did gay groups successfully force psychiatrists to rethink the issue of homosexuality?

That story is the central concern of my book. Briefly, the mobilization of the energy of social protest—energy that was both intellectual and forceful, rational and coercive—compelled official psychiatry to rethink the issue. But psychiatrists did not simply capitulate in the face of a powerful assault. They began, under gay pressure, to rethink the question of homosexuality. It is inconceivable that the change could have occurred without that pressure. Psychiatrists who claim that the change was the result of research and changing theories are wrong. They mystify the process.

There is no question that the APA change made a lot of gay people in this country, and perhaps around the world, feel better about themselves. They felt

Continued on page 32

The Transsexual Twins

Whatever Happened to Babsy and Bev?

by Paul R. Grossman

The names in this piece have all been changed but the story—believe me—is true.

Leonard was my first gay friend. At Midwestern University (as I shall call it) we both dormed our freshman year in a mammoth dwelling of single rooms known, affectionately, as The Complex. Unlike other dormitories on campus, where clean-cut kids from Davenport and Peoria lived in doubles and triplets—sharing homework, headaches, love tribulations and the expenses of weekend kegs of beer—the brown brick beehive of closet-sized rooms (which we had to make special requests to live in) appealed mostly to urbanites and to those adolescents who, for whatever reason, felt living alone might just be best. The midwestern kids called it the "California" of the campus.

Leonard and I met late one night in the TV room—the only two up at 3 a.m. during finals week to watch Liz Taylor sway in *Suddenly Last Summer*. We shared a joint—his. Then another—mine. And by the time Liz appeared in that fabulous white bathing suit (Monty had already saved her from the planned lobotomy) we were already the best of buddies.

Leonard was from Westchester, I from suburban New Jersey. We considered ourselves New Yorkers, hopelessly transplanted in midwestern soil suitable only for growing corn. We soon discovered other mutual interests—not the least of which was a taste for martinis. From then on, each evening before the cafeteria opened, Leonard would drop by my room with a small bucket of ice (he'd rented a refrigerator just for this purpose) and a gold-embossed martini mixer. Cocktail hour became our ritual. And, after a drink or two—capped, of course, by at least one joint—our *schmoozing* would turn quite fluid.

I soon learned that Leonard was not, as I'd suspected, Jewish. Rather, he was of that rare breed of New York WASPs so completely Yiddishized he could use words such as *schande* and *chatchke* with far more aptitude than I. Still, he told me, his family was all-American, strictly *Leave It to Beaver*. His father, a banker, was mild-mannered and dry. It was from him that Leonard had acquired his love for martinis. His mother, a natural blonde, wore Scotch tape on her forehead to keep away the wrinkles. On Saturday nights, she fixed popcorn for the kids.

Leonard also had two sisters, Babsy and Bev, identical twins eight years his junior. They were, as he said, the talk of the town (the "toast" was how I think he put it). Pretty and precocious, he described them as the "cutest little tomboys you ever did see." They could outrun, out-bat, out-tetherball half the little boys on the block. They had also skipped two grades in school. Leonard, I gathered, was proud of them.

By the middle of our sophomore year, Leonard and I had drifted. I moved off campus to a small wood-framed house;

he, to a high-rise apartment. My junior year I studied abroad; Leonard graduated early. When I returned to school the next year, he was gone. I never did get a chance to meet little Babsy and Bev.

But this year—less than a month ago, in fact—Leonard called me up. He was back home, living with his parents for a while, and planning, he told me, to have a party. Would I care to come? Both his sisters would be there.

Leonard's house in Port Chester was as *Leave It to Beaver* as he'd described. A tasteful colonial hidden behind fulsome maples, it had that certain upright Americanness that was so distinctly different from the Jewish suburbs where I had spent my childhood. There was a porcelain coachman holding a lantern on the lawn, a neat flagstone path that led in a curve up from the driveway (trimmings with budding rosebushes) and, over the garage, a dangling basketball net in sparkling red, white and blue.

The party was held in the finished basement: kids' turf, where the parents never descended. Both the parents were home, but they remained discreetly oblivious upstairs in the bedrooms. Patti Smith played on the stereo as I came down the stairs. A small group of people sat around on chairs, some drinking beer, some—like Leonard—sipping on martinis.

In tight-cut jeans by Calvin Klein and a glittery "I Love New York" t-shirt, Leonard came up and kissed me. We spent several minutes catching up, he mixed me a drink, and I asked where his sisters were. He pointed to the couch. I looked, but what I saw were two men—yes, definitely men—sitting side-by-side. Bell bottom jeans, square-toed Frys, cowboy vests and denim shirts. I repeated: "Leonard, which ones are your sisters?"

It was then that I learned that Babsy and Bev were no longer Babsy and Bev. All who knew them now called them as they wished: Barrett and Bart. The twins, it turned out, were transsexuals.

Fortunately, I happened to have my Sony recorder in the bag I'd brought with me. "Leonard," I whispered. "Do you think they'll talk to me?" I'd never met a transsexual—much less, two. He shrugged. "Ask them," he said. "They're hardly shy."

Nervously—and I was nervous—I introduced myself to the twins. "So," I said. "I hear you're transsexuals." They both smiled at my awkwardness. They smiled quite broadly when I asked, a moment later, if they would be willing to tell me their stories. "Absolutely," Barrett said, reaching for a Marlboro. "That's one thing I never mind talking about."

"Good," I said. "Where can we go?" And they took me to another room.

In the weeks that followed, after hav-

ing read several studies on the subject—as well as the book *Emergence*, by Mario Martini, the "starring, true story of the nun who became a man"—I realized just how much the biographies Bart and Barrett gave that night resembled the stories of female transsexuals everywhere.

"Ever since I was really young, elementary school," began Bart. "I knew that there was something wrong. Though initially he couldn't place just what that 'wrongness' was, Barrett, sitting cross-legged next to him on the floor, could—succinctly. 'I always knew that I was a guy. Always. I didn't understand why people kept treating me as if I was female.' As opposed to the fate of effeminate boys, neither of the twins had been subject to much denigration for their outwardly masculine appearance. Rather, they were simply considered pre-teen 'toms,' and it wasn't until puberty that the trouble began.

At the age of 13 (they've always been precocious) both Barrett and Bart began to recognize sexual feelings towards women. In both instances, they thought at first that they were probably gay. "I thought to myself, 'If I'm gay, well, then I'm gay,'" Barrett said. Not caring much about what other people thought of them, neither twin experienced guilt. "The only thing I felt badly about," said Bart, "was that it still seemed completely wrong." Barrett agreed wholeheartedly: "I just couldn't imagine going to bed with a woman as a woman. Something about it just didn't click."

About six months later, Bart, flipping through what he calls a "trashy" magazine, came upon the "click." It was a full-length feature article, complete with before-and-after photos, on a female-to-male transsexual. "Immediately I knew," he said. "That was me."

Bart industriously wrote down the name of the doctor mentioned and sent him a letter asking for information about sex change. The doctor responded with the name of an organization, the Janus Society, to which Bart immediately wrote.

Barrett and Bart (still Babsy and Bev) were not spending much time together. They each had separate friends and, since Leonard had gone off to college, slept in separate bedrooms. Quite independently, Barrett had come across the same article and was privately wondering if he too was not a transsexual. Thus, when a large envelope arrived in the mail with the name of the Janus Society written in the corner, Barrett, smitten with curiosity, did something he normally never would have done: he opened the letter addressed to his twin.

When Bart came home and found the envelope opened, he was livid. He feared at first that his mother had done the prying; he grew even more enraged (though, he now admits, somewhat relieved) when

he learned that it was Barrett. The two had a terrible argument and did not talk for nearly a week.

But several weeks after the incident, Bart learned from a mutual friend that Barrett was now telling people he was a transsexual. Once again, Bart grew angry. "I thought to myself, oh, no, not this too!" said Bart. "I figured he was just copying me, as always. I didn't believe him, not for the longest time." But for Barrett, apparently, the "click" was just as genuine as it was for Bart. "I cried when I read that information," he said. "At last I knew what I really was."

At first, the twins, finding outside validity which confirmed the inner male identities they always felt they had, were not quite certain of the roles they should adopt. "We knew we were men," Bart explained. "But we thought we had to play-act women. At least until we were old enough for the operations." By the time they both turned 15, however, the heat of adolescent rebellion had all but evaporated their desire to conform. Leonard—who had joined us for the interview—recalled the time that Barrett had staunchly refused to wear a dress to go to an uncle's wedding. "She absolutely would not put one on," he laughed. "We practically had to tie her up. Bart complied a little more easily. But only because I dressed her: put on the makeup, did her hair. She looked gorgeous. Real trampy. Kind of like a guy in drag."

"Leonard," said Bart, not at all happily. "Would you please stop calling me she already!"

Leonard suddenly apologized.

At 16, Babsy and Bev changed their names to Barrett and Bart. Their friends—those who would still talk to them—adjusted easily enough, as did Leonard. Their parents, however, were close to traumatized—particularly the mother. By now she was showing signs of intense retreat and denial. "Looking back," Leonard says, "she was never really quite all there." But by the time this was happening with the twins [she had already gone through the shock of Leonard's coming out] she really just flew the coop.

"Did she ever seek any kind of help?" I asked.

"She?" said Leonard, half surprised. "She doesn't think there's anything wrong with her. She's just surrounded by sickies, that's all."

Though their father—prone in general to avoid confrontations—complicated in time with the twins' insistence, their mother constantly "forgot" and referred to them by their female names. "Even today," Barrett said, "she sometimes calls me Babsy. I feel like smashing her over the head. Instead, I just ignore her until she gets it right."

By now the twins had started in therapy—separately, but under the same doctor. Not, as they said, because they had problems, but rather to get the "sex change thing" finally underway. According to most doctors involved in sex change

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NATIVE GUIDE

EVENTS FOR APRIL 28-MAY 10

Edited by Harold Jay Klein

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Spring has overtaken the city and there are events around town calculated to appeal to every taste. A new addition to the bar/cabaret scene is La Cage Aux Folles, which provides the same culinary expertise that Mr. Pascal has commanded at his Bistrot Pascal and Chez Pascal.

Located at 334 East 73rd Street, La Cage Aux Folles is a cabaret with a difference. The restaurant is a replica of the one in the film, waiters are dressed as



Singer/pianist Bryon Sommers brings his repertoire from Broadway, Hollywood, and the Thirties and Forties to La Cage Aux Folles.

transvestites, and there is even a *spectacle en travestie* every thirty minutes.

La Cage Aux Folles is open Monday through Saturday, 7 p.m. to 4 a.m., with a piano bar starring Bryon Sommers at the white baby grand. There is a buffet brunch on Sunday. Reservations are required and may be made by calling 879-1040.

Two important events that no one should miss are the Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund from (see Urban Affairs, page 6) and the New Amsterdam Chamber Ensemble Benefit Concert to aid S.A.G.E. (Senior Action in a Gay Environment). The program consists of chamber works for flute, cello, and piano by Copland, Rorein, Poulenc, Griffes, and others.

The concert will be held at St. Paul's Chapel on the Columbia University campus at 116th Street and Broadway. Donation requested is \$5.

S.A.G.E. is a group of trained volunteers who gathered in 1978 to address the needs of older gay men and lesbians. This concert is part of a series of fund-raising events which are scheduled for this year. For more information about S.A.G.E., the concert, or other events in the series, please call 741-2247.

SPECIAL EVENTS

TUESDAY, APRIL 28

ANDY HUMM, writer, lecturer, and leading force of Dignity, will address the subject of the onerous gay rights bill at the West Side Discussion Group. (See Organizations for details.)

THURSDAY, APRIL 30

TONI MORRISON, author of *Sula*, *The Bluest Eye*, and *King of Solomon* will be at Three Lives and Company to sign copies of her new book, *Jar Baby*. 131 Seventh Avenue South at 8:30 p.m.

BARBARA ZILBERBLAT, psychologist and psychotherapist, leads the last rap session of the season for the Gay Women's Alternative. At the Universalist Church, Central Park West at 76th Street at 8 p.m. Contribution \$3.

TERRY HELBING's slide program on gay theater will be presented at Hunter College in Roosevelt House. Sponsored by the Hunter College Gay Men's Alliance.

FRIDAY, MAY 1

AT HOME WITH THE ARCHIVES: The Lesbian Herstory Archives presents SONNY WAINWRIGHT and JOAN NESTLE reading from their works. For women only at 8 p.m. \$2 admission. For information and location call the LHA at 874-7232.

SATURDAY, MAY 2

G.R.E.A.T. is sponsoring a social potluck picnic at Prospect Park in Brooklyn. Contact John D. for more information at 522-2728.

FRONT RUNNERS Saturday Fun Run at Central Park West at 90th Street. 10 a.m.

SPRING IS IN THE AIR continues with DAVID LEHMAN, author of *Day One* and editor of *Beyond Amazement: New Essays of John Ashbery*, reading from his unpublished works. At the Ear Inn, 326 Spring Street at 2 p.m.

GAY PEOPLE AT COLUMBIA announce a May Dance for all lesbians and gay men at 10 p.m. until 2 a.m. at Earl Hall on the Columbia campus. General admission is \$2.50 per person. For directions and more information, call 280-5113.

SUNDAY, MAY 3

PEOPLE'S MARCH ON WASHINGTON includes a march to the Pentagon in an attempt to focus attention on what the organization claims is "an inflated military budget, the need for more money at home for jobs, a U.S. hands-off policy in San Salvador, and rights for all people, gays, blacks, and women."

S.A.G.E. BENEFIT CONCERT at 3 p.m. in St. Paul's Chapel on Columbia Campus at 116th Street and Broadway. \$5.

TUESDAY, MAY 5

THE FUTURE OF THE GAY THEATER will be the topic at the West Side Discussion Group when members of the Glines Theater rap with those present. (See Organizations for details.)

MAYOR ED KOCH speaks at the Greater Gotham Business Council meeting with a question and answer period, 7:30 p.m. at the Prince George Hotel, 14 E. 28th Street. There will be a cash bar between 6 and 7, followed by a business meeting at 7 and the Mayor at 7:30. \$1 at the door for non-members.

SAVE YOURSELF: Learn how attackers operate as well as practical prevention and defense strategies at a free self-protection workshop sponsored by CGA and SAFE. An 8-week self-defense course begins May 12. For more information, call SAFE at 242-4874. The meeting will take place at 7 p.m. at A Safe Place, 541 Sixth Avenue.

THURSDAY, MAY 7

DORIC WILSON, playwright and author of *A Perfect Relationship*, *West Street Gang*, and *Forever After* will read from a new play with friends at Three Lives and Company, 131 Seventh Avenue South at 8 p.m.

MARY MENDOLA, author of *The Mendola Report*, the remarkable book on gay couples, will speak at the Gay Women's Alternative. See April 30 for details.

HOLLY NEAR with ADRIENNE TORK and CARRIE BARTON: Holly Near has been marching on the freedom road for over 10 years, bringing women's issues, Third-World causes, and peace and anti-nuke movements to her music. Presented as part of the Women On Stage program at Town Hall, 123 West 43rd Street today and Friday. Tickets are \$7 and \$9 at the box office.

BLOOLIPS: The London drag team, will give a benefit performance of *Lust in Space* for the East Village Lesbian and Gay Neighbors at the Orpheum Theater. Tickets are \$6, \$8, and \$10 and are available at the Orpheum, 126 Second Avenue.

SATURDAY, MAY 9

WOMEN IN THE TRADE presents a drama workshop to roleplay and express anxiety, frustration, and hopes in working in non-traditional jobs. 12 noon to 2 p.m., free at La Papaya Women's Restaurant, 331 Flatbush Avenue in Brooklyn. For more information, call 622-1926.

DENNIS COOPER, author of *Idols and Coming Attractions*, reads from unpublished works at The Ear Inn, 326 Spring Street at 2 p.m.

SUNDAY, MAY 10

MOTHER'S DAY at La Papaya: Linda Powell, Kip Graves, and Marjorie Refinutter in concert with 2 shows at 7 and 9 p.m. \$4.

CABARETS

MONDAY, APRIL 27

HOLLY WOODLAWN (at 8) and PASCAL BOURRIER (at 10) at the Duplex.

LOU TATTOO, DIANE PONZIO, and GREGORY FLEEMAN at s.n.a.f.u.

ARTHUR KIRSON (at 8) and MARLEN FONTENAY (at 10:30). Arthur Kirson is a choirboy gone berserk, a cross between Noel Coward and Ethel Merman who looks like he was born in a buxido singing sophisticated pop. At Mickey's.



Arthur Kirson, a choirboy gone berserk at Mickey's.

BOB CUNNINGHAM and BROSS TOWNSEND with BENNY POWELL at the Greene Street Cafe.

TUESDAY, APRIL 28

BELLES JESTE (at 8) and HERB AND POTATO (at 10) at the Duplex.

FILTHY RICH at s.n.a.f.u.

PIANO MAN at 8 and 10:30. Piano Man is a funny, yet touching semi-autobiographical look at the show's composer, Franklin Roosevelt Underwood, featuring Cindy Benson, Claiborne Cary, and Kurt Lauer. At Mickey's.



The cast of Piano Man, continuing every Tuesday at 8 and 10:30 at Mickey's.

PAT STANLEY (at 8:30 at Once Upon A Stove, LA CAGE AUX FOLLES, one of New York's new nightspots, presents singer-pianist Bryon Sommers in the piano-bar Tuesday thru Sunday from 9:30 p.m. to 4 a.m. With no cover and no minimum, it's a great way to spend an evening.

JOE LEE WILSON and JOY OF JAZZ at the Greene Street Cafe.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29

DEBBIE LESSER (at 8) and MARK KATZ (at 10) at the Duplex.

BELLES JESTE (at 8) and THE INKSPOTS (at 10:30) at Mickey's.

CIRO BARBARO at 8:30 at Once Upon A Stove.

THURSDAY, APRIL 30

NANCY LA MOTT (at 8) and ROCHELLE SELDIN (at 10) at the Duplex.

GUIDE

LAZOO at 8:30.

DAWN HAMPTON (at 8) and **JIMMY MILLER** (at 10:30). Dawn Hampton is a singer, singer, withstanding the ravages of rock, punk, and disco to remain one of New York's top cabaret performers. Her emotionally draining rendition of "Losing My Mind" from *Follies* is worth the cost.



The Dawn of night, Dawn Hampton at Mickey's

JUDY KRESTON at 8:30 and 11 at Once Upon A Stove.

FRIDAY, MAY 1

SIGRID WURSCHMIDT and **ROBERT DI MATTEO** (at 8) and **IRA SIFF** (at 11). Wurschmidt and Di Matteo present "The Roy Black Life," their cabaret show that has garnered them critical acclaim from their native San Francisco across the country. At the Duplex.



Wurschmidt and Di Matteo deal with sexual and psychological preoccupations of America in the 1980s.

SATURDAY, MAY 2

KAREN MASON with **BRIAN LASSER** at 9 and 11 at the Duplex.

SUNDAY, MAY 3

THE EARLY SHOW. An afternoon nightclub for children, the early show takes place every Sunday at 1 p.m. with seating for a special kid's brunch at 12. Kids and adults alike enjoy the show with a cast comprised entirely of pre-teens and teenagers performing in a musical revue. Candyfloss dinners, non-alcoholic cocktails, and cold cuds are available, but adults must be accompanied by a chaperone under 17.

MARY MURRAY and **WAYNE MASSEY** in *One Life To Live* (at 9:00); **INTERPLAY IMPROV** (at 11) at Pallson's Upstairs Supper Club.

MONDAY, MAY 4

HOLLY WOODLAWN (at 8); **BAY O'LEARY** (at 10) at the Duplex.
MARLENE FONTENAY at 10:30 at Mickey's.
MARY MURRAY and **WAYNE MASSEY** in *One Life To Live* (at 9); Sneak Preview of a new revue (at 11). At Pallson's Upstairs Supper Club.

TUESDAY, MAY 5

VIDA BENDIX at 8 at the Duplex.
PIANO MAN at 8 and 10:30 at Mickey's.

PAT STANLEY at 9:30 at Once Upon A Stove.
BRYON SCHMERS at La Cage Aux Folies.



Petrique, one of the fashionable entertainers at La Cage Aux Folies.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 6

MAY GARRIPOLI at 8 at the Duplex.
HIGH HEELED WOMEN. These women perform many comedy sketches at undercover agents during World War II (The High-Heeled WACS) and offer a look back at their ancestry (In Search of Extraterrestrial High Heels). When asked about their mayoral campaign, they announced, "Eight feet can run faster than two." At Mickey's.



Tracy Berg, Cassandra Duns, Mary Fulham, and Andrea Sorkin, the High Heeled Women at Mickey's.

CIRO BARBARO at 8:30 at Once Upon A Stove.

SRO, the recipients of the 1980 NACCA award for Best Musical Group, performs at Ted Hook's Onstage for two weeks nightly at 11.



Performing music from the Forties, Fifties and Sixties; SRO at Ted Hook's Onstage.

THURSDAY, MAY 7

ANNE HAMPTON CALLAWAY (at 8) and **MARION GALLO** (at 10) at the Duplex.
JUDY KRESTON at 8:30 and 11 at Once Upon A Stove.

While reservations are not always required at these cabarets, it's better to call and make sure that seating is available and that the listings have not changed.

Pallson's Upstairs Supper Club 362-2690
Duplex 168 West 72nd Street 255-5438
55 Grove Street 691-3535
676 Sixth Avenue (at 21st St.) 926-2415
Greene Street Cafe 101 Greene Street 247-2979
Mickey's 44 West 44th Street 683-0044
Once Upon A Stove 325 Third Avenue 265-3800
Ted Hook's On Stage 318 West 45th Street

MUSIC

MONDAY, APRIL 27

DIXIE DUGHBOYS at the City Limits

TUESDAY, APRIL 28

RANDY SCHAFFER through May 2 at the City Limits.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29

THE DEAD KENNEDYS, the group that is being sued for using another group's press photo on their latest album and has been criticized for their lack of taste both musically and publicly, are at Bonds International at 10. Tickets are \$7 and are available through Ticketron.

THURSDAY, APRIL 30

GARLAND JEFFREYS makes worthwhile mainstream rock music, incorporating reggae in addition, and deserves a high place in the charts. He'll be supported at the Ritz by Graham Parker's back-up band **THE RUMOR.** **YOKO ONO's** video to "Walking On Thin Ice," one of the best singles of the year, is shown at the Ritz every night at midnight. It's personal, put together well, and moving, definitely an added bonus. Through the 2nd.

SATURDAY, MAY 2

SYL SYLVIAN and **THE TEAR DROPS** at Irving Plaza.

SUNDAY, MAY 3

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVERS at the Ritz.
CRAIG CHAMBERS and **THE RIO GRANDE BAND** at the City Limits.

TUESDAY, MAY 5

WILD BILL and **THE KICKERS** through the 9th at the City Limits.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 6

PROM PARTY starring **GET WET** featuring their debut album at the Ritz.
THE CRAMPS mix rockabilly lithy were at it before the current rockabilly revival and visuals straight out of a horror movie into songs with titles like "Goo Goo Muck" and "Don't Eat Stuff Off the Sidewalk." These performers—Lux Interior, Posson Ivy, Nick Knox, and Congo Powers—have one of the best senses of humor in pop music today and should provide an intense live treat. Performing at Privates.

THURSDAY, MAY 7

TINA TURNER at the Ritz.

SUNDAY, MAY 10

BAD MANNERS at the Ritz.

The Ritz E. 11th Street
between Third and Fourth avenues
Bond's International Broadway
at W. 45th Street
The Other End 147 Bleecker Street
Savoy 141 W. 44th Street
Irving Plaza 17 Irving Place
at E. 15th Street
Privates 150 E. 85th Street
just off Lexington
—By Michael Messina

DANCE

PENNSYLVANIA BALLET at the Brooklyn

Academy of Music, May 5-10 (636-4100). The Pennsylvania Ballet is familiar to New Yorkers as a repository of well-rehearsed Balanchine. Two additional treats this time around are Peter Anastos' YES, VIRGINIA, ANOTHER PIANO BALLET

—originally choreographed for the Trocadero travesty troupe, but now in a mixed gender version—and his new DOMINO, a Victor Herbert (!) ballet that features dancing powder puffs and some surprises.

CHOREOGRAPHER'S SHOWCASE at Dance Theater Workshop, 219 W. 19th Street, Tuesdays through May 12 (624-0077). Six choreographers in a search of a career. There's rarely a dinker and always a few winners on these programs. Be the first.

AMERICAN BALLET THEATER at the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center. April 29-May 14 offer a run of the classic, GISELLE, SWAN LAKE, and LA BAYADERE. Choose your combination of superstars (Baryshnikov, Makarova, Gudinov, Gregory, Jupines, etc.) or rising newcomers. Dish the shabby tutus count fouettes, and cry your eyes out.

—by Barry Laine

GALLERIES

POLAROIDS. This exhibit is a collection of photos taken by Larry Piet with an SX70 polaroid, reproduced in black and white and enlarged, and finally hand tinted with oils. At the Leslie-Lohman Gallery through the 30th, 485 Broome Street. Hours are Tuesday through Saturday, 1 to 5.

MENU AT LARGE. A collection of works by Reeves Van Hettinga including his "Crisis," a 28 by 60 inch oil. At the 380 Art Gallery, 380 Bleecker St. For hours and more information call 255-6652.

ANIMATION. Richard Protovin's animated films and drawings are on display at the Animator's Gallery, 484 Broome Street. Gallery hours are Wednesday through Saturday, 11 to 6. Sunday from 1 to 6, and Tuesdays by appointment. Through May 3rd.

BED PAINT. A retrospective performance of the works of Lil Picard at the Schmidt, Inc., 389 Broome Street. Call the Schmidt directly for hours are 966-1800. Through May 3rd.

THREE AT JUST ABOVE. Recent works by Graphia Ross and Mitch Schmidt, as well as Cynthia Kuebel's "UNDERCURRENTS" making a spectacle of herself. It is presently on display at Just Above Midtown, Inc., 178-80 Franklin Street. Hours are Tuesday through Saturday from 11 to 6. Through May 2.

A PHOTO SHOW. including the works of Carlon Costa, Hoare/Spring, Kagan, Lesnick, Mader, and Maricovic. At the Leslie Lohman Gallery, 485 Broome Street. Through the 9th, Tuesday through Saturday, 1 to 5 p.m.

RENEE RITTER is well-represented in this one-woman exhibit of edgy, abstract works dealing with her concern with space, time, and movement. These paintings tend to leave the viewer with an uneasy sense of sublime disarray. At the Viridian Gallery through the 2nd, 24 West 57th Street, Tuesday through Saturday, 10 to 30.5.

SARAH CANRIGHT works with line and field in a non-structural composition where color is dominant and expressive, immediate. This exhibit is through May 30th at the Pam Adler Gallery, 37 West 57th Street, Tuesday through Saturday, 10 to 5:30 and by appointment.

JOEL-PETER WITKIN, whose photographs may be described as bordering on the bizarre, exhibits black and white photographs at the Robert Samuel Gallery at 795 Broadway through the 16th.



"Carrot Cake No. 1," a 1980 photograph by Jon-Peter Witkin. Photograph courtesy of the Robert Samuel Gallery.

OPENING MAY 1

GORDON POLLACK opens a one-person exhibition of drawings and paintings at the Hibbs Gallery at 225 W. 28th Street. Pollack works in several mediums and his work is refreshing and new. Hours are Tuesday through Saturday, 2-7. Through the 23rd.



Gordon Pollack with his painting, "Those who are here, Those who have been here, And those yet to come are as interchangeable as the bricks on the wall (part 2)."

OPENING MAY 5

JAMES TORLAKSON-PRINTS AND WATER-COLORS: A realist painter and print-maker, working primarily in watercolor and aquatint etchings. Torlakson's works will be on display at the Gettier Gallery, 50 West 57th Street through June 13th. Hours are Tuesday through Saturday from 10 to 5:30.

ORGANIZATIONS

MONDAYS

GAY OVEREATERS ANONYMOUS meets every Monday at Gracie Square Hospital, 420 East 76th Street. Beginners meet at 7 and regular discussion groups follow at 7:30. This group provides a support system for the compulsive overeater.

TUESDAYS

WEST SIDE DISCUSSION GROUP meets every Tuesday at Greenwich House, 27 Barrow Street at the S.E. corner of Seventh Avenue South. Meetings begin at 8:30 and are followed by a social hour. Contribution requested is \$2. See the Events listings for specific programs.

LESBIAN EXERCISE GROUP meets every Tuesday at the Women's Center, 243 W. 20th Street, 7:30-9 p.m. All women are welcome.

INTEGRITY/NEW YORK meets every Tuesday at the Church of St. Luke in the Fields, Hudson and Grove streets. Because of the recent fire, services may be held in the gymnasium. Service at 7:30 followed by a social program at 8:30.

WEDNESDAYS

GAY AND YOUNG meets every Wednesday at the Church of the Good Shepherd, 240 East 31st Street between Second and Third avenues from 7 to 9. Rap sessions and a social hour provide peer support for gays under 21 in a warm and friendly atmosphere. Meetings are also held every

Saturday. For counseling or more information, call 685-6727.

THURSDAYS

JAY MALE S-M ACTIVISTS invites all gay men to their meetings every second Wednesday and fourth Thursday of the month, at 80 Fifth Avenue, room 1601. Donation requested is \$2.00. For meeting program see the Events listing.

FRIDAYS

GAY FATHERS meet the first Friday of each month at the home of one of its members at Stu Gross at 245-2071.

SATURDAYS

FRONT RUNNERS OF NEW YORK meet every Saturday for a "fun run." See the Events listings for details.

DIGNITY/MY Gay and lesbian Roman Catholics meet every Saturday at the Catholic church at 30 West 16th Street. Discussion groups meet at 6:30 followed by Mass at 7:30 and a social hour afterwards. All are welcome. For more information, call 869-3050.

RADIO

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29

GAY RAP, the weekly gay men's program on WBAI is preempted this week only.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 6

GAY RAP presents its monthly **FIRST WEDNESDAY** program featuring a rap-up of monthly gay news with andyman David Wynyard.

SPORTS

The *New York Native* will be carrying a complete listing of all Metropolitan Community Athletic Association softball games. We urge that you support the community by attending these games and rooting your favorite teams) on.

4/26	Eagle v. Nickel Central Park	3 p.m.
4/29	Spoke v. Boot Hill Queens	6 p.m.
5/2	Kelly's v. Centre Queens	6 p.m.
5/2	Barbary Coast v. Ramrod Grand Street	11 a.m.
5/2	E. 53rd v. Dignity Grand Street	1 p.m.
5/2	Gay Men's Chorus v. Wildwood East Orange	1 p.m.
5/2	Charlie's W. v. Billy the Kid East Orange	3 p.m.
5/3	Nickel v. South Dakota Grand Street	3 p.m.
5/3	Dallas Boots v. Eagle Grand Street	5 p.m.
5/6	South Dakota v. Eagle Queens	5 p.m.
5/9	Wildwood v. Billy the Kid Queens	6 p.m.
5/9	Spoke v. Kelley's Grand Street	11 a.m.
5/9	Boot Hill v. Centre Grand Street	1 p.m.
5/9	Nickel v. Dallas Boots East Orange	1 p.m.
5/9	Barbary Coast v. E. 53rd East Orange	3 p.m.
5/10	Gay Men's Chorus v. Charlie's W. Grand Street	3 p.m.
5/10	Ramrod v. Dignity Grand Street	5 p.m.

Locations

Central Park: On the Great Lawn.
Queens: 65th Road and Broadway.
Grand Street: At East Riverside Drive.
East Orange: By Charlie's West.

GUIDE

EROTICA

THE ADONIS: Eighth Ave. and 50th St. (245-3920). New York's largest erotic moviehouse. Large and comfortable with a fine balcony. Shows first-run films, usually before they are released anywhere else. Presently showing Jack Wrangler in **JOCKS** and Gordon Grant in **HOT TRUCKIN**.

BIG TOP: 1604 Broadway at 49th St. (541-5655). 24-hour disco, snack bar. Usually shows top quality first-run films. Presently showing **THE CLASS OF '84**. New second feature every Wednesday.

DAVID: 236 West 54th St. at Broadway (765-4760). Two stories with an upstairs lounge. Open from 10 a.m. to 2 a.m. Shows top quality films and revivals of the "classics."

EROS: Eighth Ave. between 45th and 46th streets (581-4594). New York's smallest theater (five seats wide) showing first-run films. Presently showing **THE RIVERMEN**.

55TH STREET PLAYHOUSE: 154 West 55th St. (JU6-4590). Open from 10 a.m. to 2 a.m. Presently showing Joe Eagle's **HAND-SOME**.

GAIETY BURLESK: 201 West 46th St. at Broadway (221-8868/391-9806). Opens at 10 a.m. with a new show of third-run films every Monday. The attraction here is some of the finest strippers in New York. Six men strut their stuff at 1, 3:30, 6, 8:30, and 10:30. Daily with a special "marathon" with twelve strippers every Friday and Saturday at 6, 8:30, and 11:15. After these shows there are free refreshments in the lounge.

THE JEWEL: Third Ave. between 12th and 13th streets (260-1090). New York's only Lower East Side all-male porn theater. Owned and operated by the same people as the **ADONIS** presently showing **THE BOYS OF VEINCE** and **BOYS OF THE SLUMS**.

KINGS: 236 West 50th St. between Broadway and Eighth Ave. (974-9021). Shows S-M variety films as a rule. Shows change biweekly.

MALE WORLD: 251 West 42nd St. between Seventh and Eighth avenues. Open 24 hours with live shows at 1, 3:30, 6, 7:30, 9, and 10:30. Late shows Friday and Saturday at midnight. Features a "fantasy booth" with the man of your choice, free peep show booths, and continuous loops.

NIGHT-SHIFT: 777 Eighth Ave. at 47th St. (664-9104). Shows loops. Changes shows every Friday. Free coat check, glory holes, lounges, game room, bunk house, sling, mirror room, and continental breakfast Saturday and Sunday, 3 a.m. to 8 a.m. Open 24 hours with an unusual in-and-out policy allowing patrons to enter and leave as many times per day as they wish after paying admission.

RAMROD: 210 West 49th St. (245-9382). First third-run film with a live show at 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, and midnight. Open all night Friday and Saturday with free buffet. Changes shows every Monday. Provides discount cards upon admission good for another half-price admission at any time.

SHOW PALACE: 670 Eighth Ave. between 42nd and 43rd streets (391-9412). Three theaters showing a total of six loops. Nude "shows" at 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, and 10:00. Friday and Saturday nights there is a seminar revue at 7:30 and 10:00 with a special show (described as "extra special kink") at 11:30. Free buffet.

WESTWORLD: 355 West St. three blocks south of Christopher (829-8783). Friday, Saturday, and Sunday—free jack straps to all those checking their clothes. Free continental breakfast from 2 a.m. to 10 a.m. Presently showing **BIG MEN ON CAMPUS** in addition to four loops changed weekly.

TAVERNS

Obviously, this list can't include bars that we don't know about. If your bar is not listed, please drop us a line and let us know a little about it. My thanks to the management of Sweet Sensations for letting us know about their hot-spot in Brooklyn. Also, if you find that a bar has changed since we reviewed it, and let's face it, we can't go to every bar each issue, write us at:

New York Native
Taverns
250 West 57th Street
Suite 417
New York N.Y. 10017

GREENWICH VILLAGE

ANVIL: Now a private club, membership is not that hard to come by with a friend. With both dancing and a drag show, its real attraction is the tour through the catacombs beneath the dance floor. **AYOR** Bring knee pads and a poncho. 500 West 14th Street at 11th Avenue.

BADLANDS: Some western and an ample S-M rack. Offers regular live entertainment with a country-and-western band every Sunday afternoon and Wednesday evening. 388 West Street on the corner of Christopher Street.

THE BAR: It used to be a neighborhood gay bar but now has clientele from every part of the city. Patrons include many East Village theater people and musicians, new waves, young and old alike, authors (including several well known writers). A friendly atmosphere. Lesbians are also welcome. Fourth Street and Second Avenue.

BARBARY COAST: A real throwback to San Francisco's Castro Street, and not off the beaten path. 67 Seventh Avenue at 14th Street.

BOOTS: AND SADDLES: Strong western ambience. Many of the clientele are into leather or other kinds of distinctive regalia. 76 Christopher St. near Seventh Ave. South.

CRISCO DISCO: An after-hours (and before-hours) disco that has lines out the block long to get in as the sun rises over the city. If you don't mind being frisked (I found it a thrill), the wait is well worth it. A set of dance floors on two levels, a DJ sitting atop a giant can of Crisco, pinball arcade, coast check, and the youngest bartenders in the city. Drinks and cover are both reasonable and it's big enough to handle the huge crowd that frequents it. At 15th Street and Ninth Avenue.

DUCHESS: A ladies only bar that proves they can be just as raunchy as the men. Nothing but raves from the women asked. Disco, reasonable prices, and loads of fun. 70 Grove Street.

DUPLEX: One of the few classy cabarets left in town, expensive and expensive. Disco, reasonable rates, and a young crowd. Excellent shows on most occasions. 55 Grove Street.

EAGLE'S NEST: Packed almost every night with a young crowd. Very popular at the moment and serving the best burger for the money in town at all hours. 21st Street at 11th Avenue.

CROSS WORLD (formerly THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO): Another private club in the style of the **ANVIL** but with less danger, enough light to see what's happening, films, and a wide variety of possibilities. 733 Greenwich at Perry.

JULIUS: This is the West Village bar where the bartenders hang out when they're out for an evening. Very friendly crowd. On Waverly and West 11th.

KELLER'S: Some western, some S-M, some of everything. Best on Sundays. 384 West Street.

THE LOADING ZONE: While it doesn't yet have a large following (it opened February 20), this "back room" bar has unlimited possibilities once the word spreads. Rooms designed to provide a high level of intimacy while providing complete anonymity. It is a private club but membership is readily

GUIDE

available. At 78 Christopher Street, just off Seventh.

MARIE'S CRISIS: Another spot where the bartenders hang out after they get off a heavy shift. A piano player goes through every song ever written as the group sings along. Done in art deco and slightly on the uncomfortable side. 56 Grove Street off Seventh.

MINESHAFT: It's hard to describe a floor of bathtubs and what goes on in, around, and above them, but not a place for the weak at heart or for those who like to stay dry. 835 Washington Street.

NINTH CIRCLE: This bar has a lot going for it. A patio provides a cool place in the summer with candlelit tables and waiter service (Aunt Grace and Sister Jim). During the day it's a neighborhood bar attracting writers, Broadway treasure, business men, poets, all served by Jimmy, the best bartender in town. An additional bar downstairs opens at night; pinball, pool table. Really begins to fill up at 11, and none of the urgency that occurs during the night, and only barely at last call. 139 West Tenth, between Greenwich and Waverly.

PETER RABBIT: A bar/disco that spills out onto the streets on nice evenings. One of the better spots on the West side after a walk along the promenade. 305 West Tenth, just off Christopher.

THE RAMROD: Light to medium S-M with a decent, respectable leather crowd. Hot crowd on the weekends. "Really moves." No one under 21 permitted. West Street off West Tenth.

RAWHIDE: A new bar on the Village scene, a western look that looks very promising. 212 8th Avenue at 21st Street.

THE SAINT: The clone look is in! Thousands of men, shirts off, sliding on their sweat as it drips to the floor. Wonderful backroom. 105 Second Avenue (off Sixth Street).

TRILOGY: Serves very good food in addition to well-made drinks. An attractive place as well as attractive clientele and bartenders. 135 Christopher near Hudson.

TV'S: The most popular bar along Christopher Street, and understandably so. The easiest bar to "fit into" regardless of your "drag." Western, leather, jock all fit right in. 114 Christopher near Bedford.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S DOWNTOWN: (Formerly CHEZ STADIUM) Spacious, commodious bar with huge television lounges, pleasant, showing closed circuit and recorded concerts, comedy, and entertainment. The general crowd is young and sophisticated. Perfect for an after-work drink. Dinner served too. 54-58 Greenwich Ave. off W. 11th St.

UNCLE PAUL'S: This bar changes more often in its policies than it changes its bulletin board (one of the most comprehensive chronicles of gay history not having been changed in five years). Paul has just changed the atmosphere again with a big sign in front declaring the establishment off-limits to anyone under age. At Eight Christopher, right off Gay Street.

MIDTOWN

BETTER DAYS: Located on West 49th Street between Eighth and Ninth Avenues, 316 West 49th Street, Young crowd.

BLUE SKIES: A stylish restaurant and piano lounge. The place jumps and is always crowded. 183 West 10th Street. Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 7 p.m. till 5 a.m.

BOGART'S: A friendly piano bar with mostly young folk. Very cruisy. At 320 E. 59th Street. Open from noon to 4 a.m. Sunday brunch.

DAKOTA: A western bar that has been catching on in the past few months because of live country and rockabilly music on the weekends. A throwback to (and improvement on) the piano bar concept. On Second Avenue and 36th Street.

ICE PALACE: Lights, mirrors, sound, waiters, neon, all above-average. A young crowd, sometimes mixed, is as much fun to watch as they are to join. Dress is fairly classy. Don't show up too early. 57 West 57th Street.

STIX: Young crowd, mostly interesting. A good place, especially if you like mirrors. 304 East 39th Street.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH: Shoe horns are available to force yourself in after 10 p.m. If you can make your way to the back, there's a cruise room with a pool table. Eyes meet across the eight ball and try to connect in any of the other rooms. A discaire nightly. Tuesdays are two-for-one. Third Avenue at 75th Street.

UPPER EAST SIDE

CHAPS: THE Uptown East Side cruise bar! A perfect example of what can happen when a bar tries to provide quality for its patrons. 1558 Third Avenue at 87th Street.

HURRAH: A mixed disco with an atmosphere that changes almost nightly. 36 West 62nd Street.

HARRY'S BACK EAST: A spot to go with a friend, lover, or to make a friend or lover. The front section is a comfortable bar with honest lighting and private standing booths. The back features an adequate disco with fairly good lighting for a place that small, good sound with excellent disc jockeys and a very friendly atmosphere. Early evening finds Broadway dancers warming up. Third Avenue at 80th Street. Saturdays there is a cover that includes your first drink.

UPPER WEST SIDE

BOOT HILL: An uptown TV's, located at 317 Amsterdam Avenue at 75th Street.

BOTTOMS UP: 168 Amsterdam Ave.

CAHOOTS: A beautifully designed bar in front of a restaurant that serves some of the finest meals available for the money in New York. Two-for-one nights, door prizes some evenings, a warm and friendly crowd. The perfect place after touring the Museum of Natural History or before going to LaSalle. 428 Columbus Avenue.

CANDLE II: This is a new establishment on the site of the old HALFBRED. It's got a ground floor bar and a full-sized upstairs "back room" and is open 4 p.m. to 8 a.m. every day except Monday. 168 Amsterdam Avenue at 68th Street.

CROSSROADS: A neighborhood bar with a few extras. 60 cent beers Monday, free movies of Thursday. On Ninth Avenue between 55th and 56th streets.

THE NICKEL BAR: 127 West 72nd Street between Columbus and Amsterdam. Young crowd.

96 WEST: Lots of dancing in this large, "really nice" spot. Great bartenders. 96th between Columbus and Amsterdam.

PERSHING'S: Small, pleasant bar with a W.W.I. decor. Sandwiches, snacks too. At 232 Columbus Avenue.

WAREHOUSE PIER 51: Located at 324 Amsterdam Avenue at 75th Street.

WILDWOOD: Currently very popular. Columbus Avenue between 74th and 75th streets.

BROOKLYN

DANNY'S of Brooklyn Heights: One of the better hot spots in the borough. A decent disco with dancing and an excellent Sunday brunch. 108 Montague Street.

RHYTHMS: Being the only gay bar at that end of the borough, catering to Borough Park, Bay Ridge, and Bensonhurst, the crowd is diverse and both gay and lesbian (though there are special "Ladies' Nights"). Live bands on occasion of above-average quality, film nights, special features, a packed dance floor with an excellent sound system, and a location that makes it very convenient by train, bus, and car (however, there have been a few recent reports of tire slashings). 6826 New Utrecht Avenue off 68th Street.

SAL'S PLACE: A young crowd frequents this Brooklyn Heights bar and disco. Fair sound but fine dancing. 79 Pineapple Street, right off the promenade.

SWEET SENSATIONS: The newest bar to hit Brooklyn. Open since August, the club caters exclusively to gay women Wednesday and Saturday, gay men and women on Friday (when some of the best drag shows are performed live on stage with two shows nightly), live bands special events, and top-trime entertainment. The atmosphere is warm and friendly, the sound system keeps you up and dancing.

A membership club which has membership at \$10 a year but welcomes non-members at all times to the heart of Bay Ridge. At 2527 65th Street. Call for directions 732-0675.

QUEENS

ARCK LANE: After-hours catering to the late-night homecomer looking for a social spot before heading home. Ladies from 8 p.m. to 2:30 a.m., men from 4 a.m. on. Located in Richmond Hill, 130-02 Astoria Avenue.

BETSY ROSS: Jackson Heights and Rego Park are two of the gayest areas in Queens and support more than their fair share of bars. Unfortunately, many of them are below par and this is one of them. Dancing is allowed and meeting people may be easy if the night is right. Noted for its closeness to vaseline alley. 73-13 37th Avenue.

BILLY THE KID: This is the new kid in the neighborhood showing excellent progress in making a name for itself. Just a few steps from the IRT 7, E, F, GG, and N lines.

TAVERN ON THE TURN: This has got to be the friendliest bar in the borough, if not the city. Semi-private (you must go around to the side, ring the bell, and be identified to be admitted). During the day the bar is straight but come nine at night and you'll know otherwise. Very convenient to train (E and F to 169th Street).



Suzanne Henry and Craig Lucas star in **MARRY ME A LITTLE**, the new musical with songs by Stephen Sondheim at the Actor's Playhouse, Seventh Avenue at Sheridan Square. Photo by: Ken Duncan.

On Saturday, May 2, 1981, an all-day conference on Anti-Gay Violence will be held by concerned community leaders and organizations at 25 St. Marks Place in Manhattan.

The conference will attempt to formulate a community response to the violent attacks which isolate and devastate gay people. Methods of support and defense will be explored.

The sponsors of this conference are the East Village Lesbian and Gay Neighbors, the Lower East Side Alliance for Progress, and the All Craft Foundation. All concerned individuals and organizations are cordially invited and urged to attend.

- 10:00 Registration
- 10:30 Welcome and Introduction
- Workshops
- 11:00 CAUSES AND ORIGINS
Social Profile of Violence
Misogyny, Sexism, and Homophobia
Rape: Male and Female
Sexual Harassment on the Job
Drug & Alcohol Abuse
- 1:30 RECOVERY
TREATMENT & THERAPY
Health care for people who have been assaulted
Support and Counseling
Therapy for assailants and survivors
Institutional homophobia
- 3:00 COMMUNITY RESPONSE
Apprehension, Prosecution, and punishment
Legal progress in sex crimes law
Legislative aid and recourse
Social impact of anti-gay violence upon the community
Media & public relations
- 4:00 CONCLUSION
"Positive Action for Change"
Reports from workshops
Task force and conference report.

Participants in the conference will include community organizations, health care and counseling professionals and agencies, gay and lesbian service groups, attorneys, NYC Police Department, religious groups, and elected officials.

Registration is \$2 at the door. For more information, call 260-6358. After 7 p.m., call 760-2133.

THEATER

The worlds of show business and publishing converge on April 30 with the opening of **AH, MEN!** at the South Street Theater, part of the new complex of theaters on West 42nd Street. This "entertainment on the male experience" by Paul Shyre, with music and lyrics by Will Holt, is a clever look at the world of men starring L. White, Patrick Bedford, Stephan Lang, and Jack Bettes.



Charlotte Forbes as Dr. Leonard Silver in the ridiculous theatrical production of **REVERSE PSYCHOLOGY** at the Ridiculous Company, 1 Sheridan Square. Photo by: Pat Mc Mullin.

EVALYN BARON is one of the seven women in the cast of the feminist musical, **I CAN'T KEEP RUNNING IN PLACE** now in previews until its May 10 opening in the Upstairs theater at the new WestSide Arts Theater at 407 West 43rd Street. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.

MEN, the gay London hit play, premiered on April 24th and runs through the 10th only.

MEN is the story of the encounters of a young Kansas drifter with the denizens of the men's room traffic of a decaying welfare hotel in 1973. Tickets are \$3 and **MEN** will be presented at the Theater for the New City, 162 Second Avenue.

ALBERT HERRING, Benjamin Britten's comic opera whose libretto was adopted by Eric Crozier from a short story by Guy de Maupassant, plays Friday evenings, May 1, 8, and 15. Sunday matinees at 3 on May 3, 10, and 17. Tickets are \$7 and \$4.50 for students and seniors at the Little Blake School Theater, 45 East 81st Street (between Madison and Park). For phone reservations call 288-1485.

TWINS

Continued from page 16

operations, candidates for surgery must first undergo intensive therapy to ascertain that they are not, in fact, psychotics, but genuine transsexuals. Finally, after two and a half years of such therapy (and, as Bart put it, "thousands" of doctors), the twins have been declared "fit" for the change. In July, when they turn 18, both will begin the first step in their physical change to men: administration of testosterone.

The process of female-to-male sex change proceeds roughly as follows: before any operation at all is undertaken, testosterone is injected for a minimum of six months. The infusion of large doses of the male hormone stimulates the growth of facial and body hair (after several weeks the recipient of testosterone may already show signs of a healthy beard), deepens the voice considerably, and affects the distribution of body weight: the hips and waist narrow, the shoulders broaden. Hormones may also suppress the ovulation cycle, but this is not always the case.

Mastectomy is the second phase. Both breasts are removed in a single operation; the nipples are saved, frozen, and reattached as soon as the chest is sufficiently healed. Mastectomy occurs six months to two years after hormone treatment has begun, depending on the "obtrusiveness" of the breasts and the psychological need for their removal. Barrett and Bart hope for mastectomies sometime during the coming year. Both, it seems, were blessed with rather hefty endowments.

Following the removal of the breasts is the removal of the female reproductive system, called pan-hysterectomy. Once considered the most dangerous of the sex-change operations, pan-hysterectomies have, in recent years, been perfected to a point that the level of danger has been considerably reduced. Freed now of both breasts and of menstruation, the transsexual is ready for the most-awaited of the operations—the surgically dubious phalloplasty: artificial construction of a penis.

The phalloplasty has, from the onset, presented a seemingly endless series of problems for surgeons, many of which still have not been resolved. First is the problem of urination. Since the female urethra is directed at a radically different angle from the male's, physicians have had to search for a means of conducting urinary flow up and out, rather than simply down. Attempts at extending and re-channeling the urethra have proven unsuccessful because, as of yet, all the artificial substances used have been unable to withstand the highly acidic and thus corrosive urine. Internal urinary leakage, even in small amounts, can cause severe complications. As it is now, even after phalloplasty the transsexual has no option but to urinate through a small opening left at the base of the newly constructed scrotum. In other words: female style.

Construction of the penis is generally accomplished with the use of excess skin taken from the inner thighs or lower abdomen. (The scrotum is also constructed from such skin; it often contains artificial testicles purely for cosmetic reasons.) As a result, there is little sensual feeling in the organ. Additionally, surgeons have not yet been able to conquer the problem of erection. Though various attempts have been made to artificially stimulate tumescence—including the installation of a small internal pump which, when lightly pressed with the fingertip, would send

water gushing into the penis—most female-to-male transsexuals must resign themselves to the use of a prosthetic device: a small rod inserted into a hole at the tip of the penis which does, in effect, make it "hard."

The use of a word such as "re-sign" is, of course, purely subjective—if not, perhaps, downright chauvinistic. For both Barrett and Bart—and, indeed, most female-



to-male transsexuals—phalloplasty is viewed as an essential aspect of assertion of identity. "It means everything to me," said Bart. "How else can I feel myself to be as male on the outside as I am on the inside?" Says Barrett: "I want to have sex like any other normal male." Normal, of course, is rather a moot point.

Since standard male orgasm, including ejaculation, cannot yet be surgically created, doctors leave the clitoris intact, hidden discreetly beneath the scrotum. The transsexual can, in fact, achieve a climax—once again, though, female style. This, too, is subjective. From the transsexual's point of view, the orgasm is male. "If it's my orgasm, it must be male," Barrett explains sincerely. "I simply cannot afford to be picky. For me, it is a matter of life and death."

Taken from this imperative perspective, the desire transsexuals display to subject themselves to the traumas of multiple complex surgery seems somehow more understandable. Quite simply put, Barrett and Bart despise their female forms. "Showering," says Bart, "is a daily horror. I don't even look at myself in the mirror. It isn't me. It's somebody else." When summer rolls around, the twins, both avid sun-worshippers, see little choice but to cover themselves in cut-off shorts and t-shirts. When they menstruate, it's another nightmare. Neither uses a tampon, only sanitary napkins. The idea of touching their own vaginas is something more than repulsive. Since early childhood, neither has masturbated.

The twins estimate that the cost of their sex-change operations could run as high as \$50,000—each. "I for one am willing to work like a dog for the money," says Bart. "This is too important to me to expect that it would just fall into my lap." Together, they have little hope of support from their parents' bankroll. Says Leonard: "I don't see how they could do it—pay money to have their daughters' breasts chopped off."

"That's because they don't understand," says Barrett. "We're not their daughters, we're their sons. If we had a third arm growing out the middle of our backs, they'd pay to have that cut off, wouldn't they?"

"Maybe," Leonard shrugs. "But they don't view your breasts as a third arm."

"Well," says Bart, a little angry. "We do."

The family dynamics in this situation illustrate the darkly shrouded mystique which in "good" society pervades the issue transsexuals are raising. In a home with one gay son and two transsexual daughters living under one roof, there is little, if any, discussion of sexual matters at all. "But then again," Leonard says,

"There never really was. To my parents, sex does not exist. I wonder how they think we were born."

If there was little personal dialogue before, now, when the issues seem so burningly omnipresent, there is even less. The father spends more and more time "at the office," and the mother, at least mentally, seems to have vaporized. "She floats," agrees her children. "She isn't really here." No longer a cheery June Cleaver, this heirless to three "abominations" prefers to play the role of mother in *Long Day's Journey Into Night*.

Leonard himself, openly gay since the age of 17, admits to having harbored "enormous" prejudices about the idea of transsexuals. "I first heard about it my last year up at school," he says. "They sent me one of these you're-not-going-to-believe-it letters. And I didn't. I thought at first they were full of shit. I thought surely, if they grew up in the same house as I did, they must have as many problems as I. It seemed to me, the idea of having new bodies might be a kind of magic cure in their minds. A way of turning everything rosy."

Both Barrett and Bart, however, articulate a confident "togetherness" far beyond their years. Far beyond, perhaps, even Leonard's. Both feel themselves to be genuinely "good" people and agree they each have a lot to offer. "Oh," said Bart. "Sure, there are things I'd like to change about myself. But I'm only 17. As time goes by, I think, I'll be a better person." The only major "problem," they feel, is the fact that their bodies happen to be wrong.

"I don't know how it happened," says Bart. "And I really don't care. The point is, I know I am a man. And whatever I have to do to make myself look the way I feel, I'll do. There's no other way I can live with myself."

As a gay male, however, such a statement as "I know I am a man" raises the specter of political suspicion. After all, I ask, what is a man? Neither Barrett nor Bart can answer. The thought that perhaps they are lesbians denying their homosexuality, opting to have artificial penises built as some kind of passport to power cannot, in my mind, be dismissed. Barrett and Bart insist it's not so.

"Homosexuals," Bart explains, "are

people who prefer members of the same sex. Lesbians, even very masculine ones, don't necessarily want to be men. Nor do they hate their bodies. Believe me, if we weren't men we wouldn't go through with what we're going to go through with."

"Perhaps," I suggest, "you are denying your womanhood."

"Absolutely not," says Barrett. "If I felt anything like a woman, I would definitely not deny it."

"But how does a woman feel?"

"I have absolutely no idea. I'm not one."

"OK, then. How does a man feel? I mean, how can you be so sure you're one of them?"

"It's just something I know. I can't describe it any better than that. How do you know that you're a man?"

"Sometimes," I say, "I wonder."

There seems little doubt that transsexuality, perhaps even more so than homosexuality, forces a profound confrontation with normally unquestioned concepts of male/female gender identity. Specifically, the notion that "What you see is what you get"—from the time we are born and the blue or pink bracelets are fastened to our wrists, we are treated according to our outward bodily functions.

"But what you look like," Bart insists, "has nothing to do with who you are. It's what you feel inside. If someone came up to me right now with a syringe and said, 'Here, this shot is going to make you feel like a woman in a woman's body,' I'd run as fast as I could in the opposite direction. I don't want anything to do with that. I am a man, and I'm going to do whatever I have to so that everybody sees me as I know myself to be."

It's a good thing for the twins that the technology now exists to accomplish the change they so desire—regardless of how imperfectly. ("Anything," says Barrett, "is better than nothing.") Both agree, rather emphatically, that without the possibility of sex changes, suicide would be the most viable alternative. "I simply cannot live with this alien body around me," says Bart. "It isn't life, it's existence."

Bart has a girlfriend now, a sexually straight woman he met at college. They do engage in a kind of sex—he never removes his clothes, though, and refuses to let her touch him. ("Not until I'm fixed.") She, however, seems satisfied. "I've met transsexuals before," she explains. "I used to live in Greenwich Village." (Funny—I've lived in Greenwich Village for four years and the first transsexuals I ever met were in Westchester.)

"My relationship with Bart," she says, "is the best relationship I've had in a long, long time. I understand his feelings, and he understands mine. It's very beautiful. And very, very interesting."

In June, the twins—always ahead of their time—will graduate from a two-year business college. Then, in July, just after they turn 18, they will begin their hormone treatments. By January, they hope, their breasts will be gone. Their parents, unless they can cope, may well end up with nervous breakdowns. Leonard, though more open than he once was, remains skeptical about their motives. And so, to a point, do I. But, after all, who is to judge? If someone approached me with a syringe and said, "Here, one shot of this will make you straight," I'd run as fast as I could, too.

Barrett and Bart, I salute you both—with a dry martini in hand.

DEEP DISH

• A Serial by George Whitmore

Episode Eleven:

Apples and Oranges

OUR STORY SO FAR: Has Marcella been taking natural childbirth classes? Do you think they'll allow Dido into the delivery room? Will Henry Schneiderman foot the bill for his dead lover's baby? Will Stanley keep his bargain in spite of Binky's treachery? Just what exactly happened between Ethan and Richie Druckman? Is daytime TV ready for all this? Stay tuned....

It was raining when Stanley and I left Marcella's and Dido's, raining cats and dogs and attitude—Stanley wasn't speaking to me.

"Do you think the Mayor will let us flush our toilets this month, now that it's rained?" I quipped.

Stanley pulled the collar of his jacket up over his head.

"I suppose we should try to get a taxi," I proposed, since neither of us had an umbrella.

Stanley set off alone for Sixth Avenue.

"It's a pretty pass when the Mayor and all the schoolchildren of New York can make you feel guilty for brushing your teeth," I commented, catching up with Stanley.

On the corner, Stanley raised his hand and got a cab immediately. I slipped in next to him before he was able to slam the door on me.

"God, Stan, I don't know how you do it! You're an absolute miracle-maker—a cab on Sunday night in the middle of this downpour! Whew!"

"Where to, boys?"

Stanley sat forward and spoke into the change slot. "Abingdon Square and if you call me 'boy' again, Mr. Acropolis," he said with a quick glance at the driver's I.D. on the dash, "you can forget the tip."

Stanley was not in a trifling mood.

"Abingdon Square?"

"For God's sake!" screamed Stanley into the change slot. "It's six blocks away! And don't tell me you're new on the job!"

Back on the street again and still five-and-a-half blocks from our destination, I asked Stanley if he was upset about something.

"Upset?" He stood in the middle of a puddle, with rainwater dripping off the tips of his hennaed hair. "Upset?"

"Yeah. You're acting so strange."

"Strange?" We were standing next to the fruit stand at Sixth and Greenwich. "You find anger strange, Bink? That's an interesting commentary on the efficacy of your late psychotherapy, don't you think? That you should find my anger strange?"

And then Stanley began throwing oranges at me.

I backed away, into traffic, trying to ward off the oranges with outstretched hands.

"Traitor! Judas! Bitch!" Stanley was screaming at me.

"It was innocent, Stanley, I swear!"

Oranges were flying every which way, hitting cars (parked and otherwise), pedestrians (who, accustomed to that particular corner and the goings-on there, were attempting to ignore our *contretemps*) and even the proprietor of the fruit stand (who had rushed out to protect his goods, brandishing a baseball bat in one hand and a golf umbrella in the other).

"It was perfectly innocent, Stanley!" (Some of the oranges were even hitting their mark, though he hadn't yet scored a target between my eyes.)

"If you'll remember, Stanley..."

"Whatchu boys doing wit ma omrges?"

"I remember ALL!" Stanley thundered. "Why didn't you just take him for YOURSELF!"

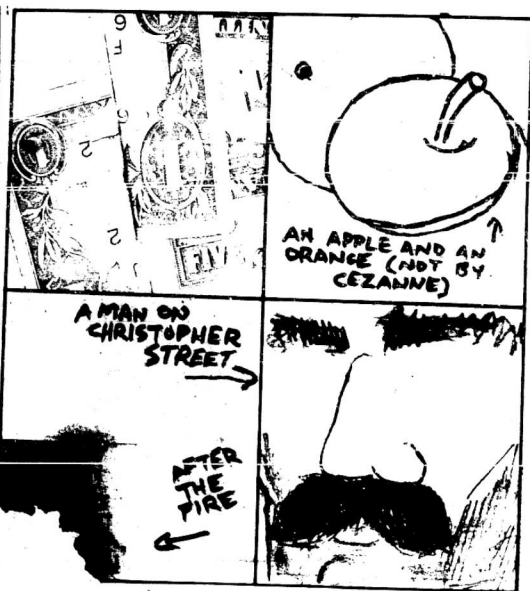
"You'll have to pay for da omrges, everuh one, boys."

"And don't call me BOY!" Stanley shrieked at the fruit man, turning on him with an upraised orange.

"If you'll remember, Stanley," I said from my station behind a car idling at the light, filled with teenage girls and bearing New Jersey plates, "you were calling Richie Druckman a scumbag at that point! Yes! A scumbag!"

"Do you know the way to the Ritz?" one of the girls asked me, rolling down her window.

"A SCUMBAG!" Stanley pelted the girl's auto with a few frustrated



shots. "I NEVER! RICHIE? YOU—YOU—LAGO!"

"Bear left and across town," I told her.

"What's he on?" the girl asked breathlessly. "Ya got any more?"

But I had no time to reply. Stanley was rounding the back of the car. He'd switched to McIntosh apples in his progress up the street. Fortunately, he hit a slick of soggy newspapers and fell to the pavement—the girls clapped and squealed, then laid rubber down Eighth Street—and I was able to feint, reverse my direction and hotfoot it down to Christopher Street, prudently scattering two fives and three ones at the feet of the fruit stand owner on my way.

"Uh? OK-dohkay, you boys have fun, naw," he said, bowing and cowering as Stanley sprinted past him.

"You knew I still maintained a keen interest in Richie!" he was screaming at my back. "In spite of what I may or may not have said!"

A few hustlers left the cozy dreariness of Uncle Paul's to cheer us on our way: "You tell 'im, sistah! Read dem beads!"

"And I don't care if it was Ethan!" Stanley screamed, voice cracking. A McIntosh hit me on the hip, hobbling me somewhat, but I knew I could outdistance Stanley—I'd done so, many times, on the track at the Y.

"It was the way I told you, right Stan? I should have been more diplomatic, right?"

Another apple found its mark. I knew that, unless he had bellows pockets in that Harris tweed, Stanley had one, two apples left at the most. "DIPLOMATIC! I'll give you diplomatic!"

(In spite of myself, I was thinking how much fun it would be to explain the bruises when I went on the second shift tomorrow night at Clyde's...)

"I know what's wrong with you, Stan," I panted, streaking past the neon-lit windows of Greetings. (There must have been at least a dozen people we knew in there, buying Thank You cards for their tricks of the evening before.) "You want to know what happened between the two of them? Umph!" (Right between the shoulder-blades.) "Well, Stanley, really nothing. Ethan said Richie was too intellectual!" (I giggled and hoped Stanley had dropped far enough behind me not to hear it. Or had gotten tripped up by the derelicts on the steps next to the Lion's Head.)

"Said he kept asking him who was his favorite poet, Frost or Sandburg! I didn't know Richie liked poetry!" (I was running against the DON'T WALK sign on Seventh Avenue.) "And if so, I'd have said he'd be an e.e. cummings man, wouldn't you have?" Over the horns and sirens on the avenue, I could hear Stanley's unfaltering footfalls behind me very clearly—and just as clearly realized that the track at the Y was for fun and this, this was for blood.

"And let me tell you, Stan, they looked ridiculous together. Why, Ethan's a good five inches taller than Richie if he's an inch, even if Richie does still wear platforms..." (I darted across the street to Bras and Girdles but decided that, even if I only went there between 3:30 and 4 a.m. Saturday nights once a month, it was not a safe place—socially speaking, to say nothing of strategically—to take refuge.) "How

you could still express interest in someone who wears platform shoes, you

of all people, Stanley, I'll never know." (Splat! He'd held an orange in reserve.) "How did I know you'd get back together? I mean, really!" (Oh-oh, we were approaching another fruit stand . . .) "After everything Richie put you through!" (I dodged the traffic thundering down Bleecker, hoping Stanley would slow down long enough to load up at the Korean stand on the corner and give me time to lose him.) "And you're still wondering what became of it, I suppose! NOTHING! ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!" (But no, as I squish-squished past The Marquis de Suede, I heard Stanley improvise something absolutely brilliant: "THAT MAN STOLE MY CARTIER TANK WATCH! STOP THAT MAN! HE STOLE MY WATCH!") "Oh, no, no," I said to myself, then to the guys sauntering in and out of Ty's—in spite of the downpour. (What a hardy race we are!) "Oh, no, no, I did no such thing. Jealous lover," I explained. "Really."

"THAT MAN STOLE MY WATCH!"

And they actually—oh, my God, what was happening to New York?—they actually started running after me down Christopher Street in the rain, not just a solitary nut or two, but a whole brace of them, screaming, "STOP THAT GUY, HE STOLE A WATCH!" And soon half the men on Christopher Street were chasing after me or trying to trap me against walls and in doorways and making lunges at me. (I remember thinking that this was indeed a dream I'd had, just the week before, though the numbers had been under the sway of quite different motivations . . .) and Stanley was still screaming, "A CARTIER TANK WATCH! A REAL ONE!"

"If I make it to the leather bars," I muttered to myself, "they'll tear me apart . . ."

And then, at the corner of Hudson and Christopher, they caught up with me and (fire in their eyes, like a veritable lynch mob) wrestled me to the pavement.

But wait. The fire in their eyes wasn't merely due to the ardour of good-citizenship. I looked over my shoulder and—lo and behold!—St. Luke's was all aflame from the foundations to the top of its chapel windows. Was this where I'd been running for sanctuary? (My mother, Mrs. Francis Xavier Boynton, Sr., would have been proud.)

"My God," Stanley said, standing over me.

"Yes. She *does* work in mysterious ways," I said to him.

A final orange fell and rolled to a stop next to my foot.

(To Be Continued)

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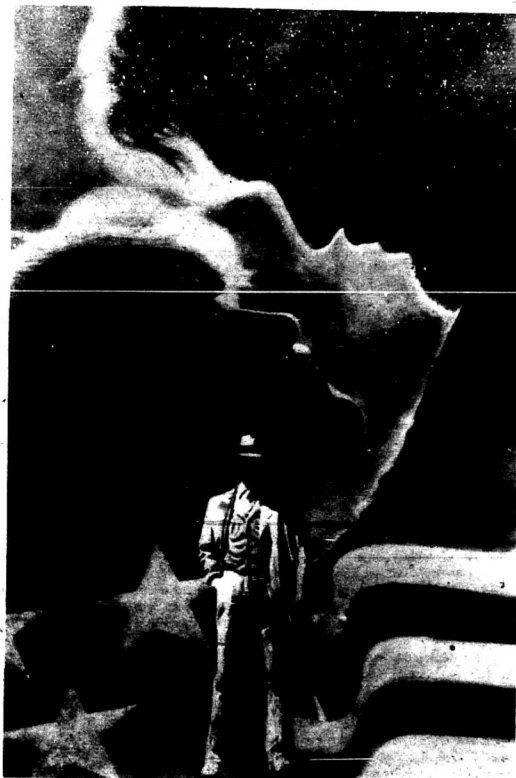
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their passion for America...
was their passion for each other.



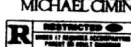
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BOOKS

A & P's Act of Love

Straight Heart's Delight
Love Poems and Selected Letters
by Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky
Edited by Winston Leyland
Gay Sunshine Press
239 pages; \$8.95

by Felice Picano

Try to imagine Allen Ginsberg. How do you see him? As a young member of the Beats in San Francisco, wearing short hair and glasses, goatee, jacket and tie, "looking like a German geologist," as he once wrote of himself? Or do you see him in Hindu garb, barefoot or sandal-shod, his long, frizzed hair streaming out, his beard down to his sternum, a beatific smile on his mantra-chanting lips? Perhaps not. Perhaps you see him pot-bellied, naked, smiling, holding onto his equally naked if more slender and more somber lover, Peter Orlovsky, in the famous Richard Avedon photo of 1965? Or is Ginsberg the denuded, string-tie preacher at the Havana Inter-America Congress, just before he was booted out by Castro for corrupting Cuban youth?

Allen Ginsberg is one of the most photographed and most-drawn writers of our time. For good reason: from 1950 until the mid-'70s, when he more or less retired to the Naropa Institute in Colorado, he was one of the most engaged of American authors. He accepted Shelley's dictum that poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world, and made his influence felt in Prague and Santiago, Hanoi and Benares, Paris and New York. Seldom has an author been so public, seldom so right-thinking in every denunciation; in every cause he chose to support, in every human rights attempt. His main mission has always been man.

His second mission has been poetry. Beginning with the amazing group of geniuses and fakes that became known as the Beats, Ginsberg has moved on to meet, greet and encourage poets young and old from around the world.

You may know all that, but what do you know of his poetry? "Howl?" "I saw the best minds of my generation," etc.? Or "Kaddish"? Or perhaps "Aunt Rose"? Often when a poet is as much a world figure as Ginsberg is, his work is simplified by a few poems that are supposed to stand for the whole, and don't very well, standing instead only for themselves. Did you know that Ginsberg could write love lyrics of the simplicity and grace of the Elizabethans? Or that he's done some of the best ballads of our time? Or that he's equally comfortable with the classics as with the contemporary formal mode? Try this one, from the letters, an earlier version of "To Lindsay":



Vachel, the stars are out
dark has fallen on the Colorado
road
a car crawls slowly across the plain
In the dim light the radio blares its
jazz
the heartbroken salesman lights a
cigarette
In another city 50 years ago
I see your shadow on the wall
You're sitting in your suspenders
on the bed
The shadow hand lifts up a pistol
to your head
Your shade falls over on the floor.

And did you know that Peter Orlovsky, Ginsberg's "happy valley tickle lover" of years was also a poet and collaborator?

If not, *Straight Heart's Delight* will be an eye opener, even for those who have read much of Ginsberg, including the first volume of his journals published last year by Grove Press. Editor Winston Leyland has put together this book with the help of the two poets, and it is clearly an act of love on everyone's part.

There are about fifty love poems by Ginsberg; the bulk of them are addressed to Jack Kerouac, Neal Cassidy, and Orlovsky. Another seven by Orlovsky, including the very unusual collaborative ones—"Peter Jerking Allen Off" and "Second Sex Experiment" written with Orlovsky at the typewriter while masturbating, being blown and fucked by Ginsberg—are an attempt at poetry of the moment.

The rest of the book consists of their correspondence from 1958 to 1965, the greatest part of this was written when they were temporarily apart, Ginsberg in Paris with William Burroughs, while Peter returned to New York to care for his injured father and mentally disturbed brothers.

Many of the poems have appeared before—in Ginsberg's own volumes, and in *Gay Sunshine*. But it's a pleasure to welcome them in a single format. Reading them over, one can easily see the extraordinary range of styles, voices, and mood of Ginsberg's work and its often surprising terseness and depth, from a writer best known for his long, catalogued, Whitman-like poems. "Malest Comificus tuo Catullo" reads with the true feeling of the classic Roman poet it imitates. Quoted in its entirety:

I'm happy, Kerouac, your madman
Allen's
finally made it, discovered a new
young cat,
and my imagination of an eternal
boy

walks on the streets of San Francisco,
handsome, and meets me in
cafeterias
and loves me. Ah don't think I'm
sickening.
You're angry at me. For all of my
lovers?
It's hard to eat shit, without having
visions;
when they have eyes for me it's like
Heaven.

But the real surprise for me in this book is what a splendid letter writer Ginsberg is. His correspondence is rich in gossip, names, shady and silly anecdotes, background, politics, ideas. Especially in the earlier letters, one can see how the mid-Sixties youth counterculture movement was embedded in embryo in Ginsberg's and Burroughs' and Cassidy's ideas.

The main thing, as Bill says, is that any government or person who tries to put down a story saying that they are Right (& the enemy wrong)—is already putting down a big Maya con. Any attempt to force people to agree with you, or propagandize an opinion, is already an invasion of ego...

And this, his philosophy in a nutshell:

...the world is full of sad monsters,
nobody has a good time like I want-
ed to, so nothing to do except be of
good cheer and look for souls again
anyway.

One of the more gratifying aspects of these letters is their openness, their freedom from cant or bullshit. Apologies, attempts to understand each other arise, and are dealt with, and throughout is a palpable sense of how much they love each other and how much they learn from each other. By the end of their 1958 separation, Ginsberg has progressed so far, he is able to write to Peter about his own earlier mental breakdown, and how he realized that in order to get out again, he had to play the games of the "incompetent and sterile bourgeois minds" of the young doctors.

There are more literary matters here, too. Writing new poems, trying to get them published, trying to spread the word about the new poetry wherever he went, reading them aloud, on the radio, in festivals in Prague and Benares. And past poets enter in his life/mind, too. Here's Ginsberg at Blake's tomb, a classic moment where apprentice and long-dead

teacher come together:

Last day in England we found
Blake's grave in Bunhill Fields, a
cemetery in middle of London, a 2
block square place, with Defoe &
Bunyan there too. Blake has a 5
foot or 4 foot, brown sandstone
gravestone says near this spot are
his & wife's bones, but no one
knows exactly where—outside the
graveyard bombed houses adjacent,
& apartment building construction
with cranes & girders & lonely voice
singing bricklayer song way high up
on the 6th floor scaffolding. Lots
of grass & some trees in the grave-
yard.

And here's Ginsberg, three months be-
fore that visit, writing of modern London
as if suspect Blake himself might have:

...looked down all over London,
saw the dream scene—a clear day
over the iron burn river, Tower
Bridge black and small below me
with white crowned tower tops, a
flag floating over the low Towers of
London, red and white, cars creep-
ing down Fleet Street, holes in the
floor of the city where the bombs
15 years ago, rattle of construction
hammers in the air, one clear ham-
mer far below repeating its blows in
a hole in the earth near stacks of
toothpick-like lumber, miniature
railroad cars passing over the bridge
slowly with shrieks of brakes far-
away & whistle of boats, train crawl-
ing like a worm into hole in the side
of buildings across the glassy river,
bank & crack of hollow wood by
skeleton buildings, girders half iron
half finished symmetrical sundial
concrete monument, walks, barges
on the river, collections of docks
jutting irregular profile against
Thames, Houses of Parliament, the
little baby British flag flying above
it...

Orlovsky's letters, like his poetry, are more difficult to read at first with their odd spellings and grammatical construction, their seemingly purposeful naivete. Given time and patience, however, these letters reveal the man as fully as the more approachable, literary ones of Ginsberg. One gets the feeling that Orlovsky at all times ennobled himself above the manifold miseries of his family and financial difficulties, his own growing awareness, and the natural awkwardness of his association with so many brilliant poets and writers. At times his writing becomes quite eloquent, at other times humorous and sly. Amid a paragraph containing references to the Algerian Question, DeGaulle, Genet, etc., here's Orlovsky on a common New York problem:

The landlord just came in. I told
him he could have this typewriter
(\$80) for \$20 dollars & all the cock-
eroaches in this room. He said there
was no rochers here. So I told him
pointing to the sink & the door that
there's a whole battalion with the
general & captain that creep under
that door along the base of the wall
& do a left turn on the wall straight
for the garbage can in file.

Straight Heart's Delight is a fine introduction to these two poets' words and thoughts, an excellent documentation of a gay male relationship beginning over a decade before Stonewall, and so another important building block in the construction of a gay history.

Living in the Evil City

by Dorothy Allison

My mama thinks the most impressive thing I've accomplished in the last ten years is my move to New York City. She likes my fiction but she says, "You've always told stories." It has something to do with her practical bent of mind. When she found out that the story I was so proud of publishing had earned me all of \$21.85, she asked me if maybe they wouldn't have paid me more if I'd made it longer. I told her it wasn't a case of getting paid by the word, that I had actually only gotten a share of a literary grant the magazine had received.

"Well," Mama said, "maybe after you've been in New York City a little longer, you'll find the magazines that pay real money."

My sister was more to the point when she called the second month after I'd arrived. "Have you got a job?" she asked.

"Sure, I'm working with computers."

"Oh," she'd sighed with relief, "I thought you'd just run up there with no kind of plan or anything. Computers are good. There's probably always work with computers."

I didn't tell her I'd lucked into the job, that I had in fact moved with no plan other than a confidence in my own ability to hustle. My sister turned respectable a few years ago, after a legendary mispent youth; talked her boyfriend into a methadone program, married him, got a job in an electronics firm and wound up a suburban married lady with the mortgage in her name. Since then, I've had to be more careful how I talk to her, and I'm still surprised she hasn't taken up with some fundamentalist sect. What she has taken up is fundamentalist capitalism—preaching to me about the wisdom of hard work, payroll deductions and household insurance. I've been known to lose track of our conversation just when she's making some particular point about a new savings plan she's going to use for her tax refunds, and it's not because what she's saying doesn't make sense. It's the fact that this is the same sister who used to walk in on me and one of her girlfriends in bed, and who was at the time such a stoned-out hippie type that she never figured out what we were doing. Every time she talks so reasonably, I get a flash of her wild, flying braids and big, glazed pupils shining bland and innocent past Dee's hurried struggles to get her jeans back on, and every time it breaks me up. My sister is convinced that all of the fact that I am five years older than her, and technically a big-city queer, I will never be a serious person.

She gave me one surprise in that phone call. She told me, "I knew it, you know, I always knew you'd move to New York City." She sounded so sure of herself that I had to challenge her.

"I'm not sure I'm going to stay. The winters up here are murder. All this con-

crete gets cold and stays cold, and damp—I think the mildew problem up here is worse than it is in Tallahassee."

"You weren't happy in Tallahassee," she said flatly, which surprised me. I hadn't been particularly happy in Tallahassee but that wasn't anything my little sister would have known about. She spent less than twenty-three hours in that city on what was supposed to be a one-week visit. The shock of the lesbian collective where I was living with its twelve women, two children, five cats and two boa constrictors (never mind the pool table that took up three-quarters of the downstairs dining room) was something she'd talked about for years. "We've always known you'd have to move to New York City."

Have to? "Oh yeah," I'd said, finally catching on. "All of us queers eventually move to the evil city."

"OH YOU!" She'd sounded righteously angry. "You think that's all anybody thinks about. It's not just that you're..." She hesitated. My mama will use the word with only a slight emphasis to show the effort, but my sister never does. "...that you're the way you are..."

"A lesbian," I filled in for her. "ALL RIGHT, a lesbian." The blush was almost audible. "That's only part of it. You were always different. All that reading, writing, that political stuff—that's what people up there do. There's just more people up there like you," she finished.

I'm not sure she's right. I really think there's more people up here like my sister, nice straight family types dutifully calling their queer relatives on their birthdays and gently suggesting the joys of settled family life and small-town ambiance. Of course, my sister doesn't go that far. She's as much into the myth of the evil city as I ever was, and she's hot to come north for a visit, to check out the nightlife and see what big-city types are like. My sisters, my mother, even my stepfather pump me about city life.

"Do you see TV stars on the subway?" "I don't think they ride it, but I did see a woman in leopard-skin tights and a red leather molded bodice."

"No shit?"

My most tacky act was to buy a series of picture postcards and fill them in with notes and arrows reading, "I work two blocks from this theater...I rode a mile and a half from this bridge...I rode my bicycle in this park...I got threatened by a drunk near here." My mama loved them. Of course, she saved her real appreciation for the Lotto tickets I bought her. At irregular intervals, she'll get a number in mind and call me up. She is also quite convinced that she is *meant* to win the New York State Lottery. Since her trip to Las Vegas, didn't produce the winnings she'd

A WOMAN'S WRITE

predicted, she'd been taking an interest in lottery tickets. Mama now gets lottery tickets from places she can't imagine visiting.

Last fall my parents finally got to see the evil city. Mama and my stepfather came up to visit me after a brief try at the Atlantic City slot machines. We did the usual things like take the Circle Line tour, see the Statue of Liberty and walk up Broadway staring at all the people and marquees. I even took them to the Lone Star Cafe for dinner. Mama wasn't that impressed with the music and she thought the beans were poorly seasoned, but she found the act the patrons put on pretty impressive.

A drunk had settled in a chair near the front with no intention of paying the cover. The waitresses tried to humiliate him into paying or leaving but he was having none of it. He surrounded himself with cane-backed chairs and insisted on his rights as "a citizen of the city." Twenty minutes later two very calm city cops were leaning on those chairs and talking to him quietly.

Mama remarked that if we'd been down in Orlando, one of the cops would have had him in a choke hold and out the door in a flash. Those quiet, matter-of-fact blue-suited policemen were not part of her mythology of New York City. We all had another beer and watched the drama off and on. The cops and the citizen talked on, sometimes quietly, sometimes loudly. Finally with a mutual grimace the two cops started pulling away the chairs. The drunk started screaming and trying to hook his arms and legs around the furniture. Everyone anywhere close moved away and the cops managed to get him by the arms and legs and carry him out.

Through the side windows where we were sitting Mama and I watched the manager give the cops a hand. The man was laid down on the sidewalk while a patrol car pulled up. It was a quiet scene, no sound reaching us through the glass. The drunk started struggling, throwing punches up at the policemen, his mouth working around shouts we couldn't hear. His fist connected with the neck of the policeman at his head. I watched the cop stagger back momentarily, looked over to my mama who was pushing her hair out of her eyes and shaking her head slowly.

"That boy's going to get hurt."

My stepfather was watching the band set up. All the waitresses were moving chairs back and seating people. Only my mama and a few people outside were watching the man on the sidewalk. One of the policemen was kneeling on the small of the drunk's back. The other had twisted his left arm up over his head so that his wrist was pointed down to his shoulderblades. The drunk's mouth was open. He could have been screaming. Then the policeman very deliberately, very carefully punched that twisted elbow. The arm went loose, the drunk went limp. My mama's mouth fell open. A man standing in the aisle beside us said, "Son of a bitch!"

"He broke it," my mama said. "I think he broke his arm."

"What?" my stepfather said, standing up to look out on the now-placid scene, the quiet cops and the limp drunk.

"No," I said. "Not the arm, the shoul-

der. He dislocated his shoulder."

Mama stared at me. "You know a lot about it." She looked around the tables almost angrily. "We should either go or you should sit down."

It was then I realized that I was half out of my chair, and that my right fist was curled on the window jamb pushing at the glass. I sat back down. My mama pushed her plate out of the way and reached over to take my hand. "I've seen worse," she said. "Did I ever tell you about the time I saw some men break a counter stool over that boy's back in Greenville, and he wasn't doing anything." She squeezed my hand very hard, and looked at me intently. I could see she had no intention of letting go until I relaxed.

On 13th Street another patrol car pulled up. In a moment there were six policemen standing over the now very peaceable drunk cradling his useless arm. I shook my hair back and squeezed back on my mama's hand. "Well, you wanted to see the city," I told her. "Now you'll have a story to tell everybody back at the lunch-counter."

"Sure. I'll tell everybody how the restaurants in New York City can't season a plate of pinto beans."

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MUSIC

The Corale in Concert

by Eric Gordon

Big, splashy musical events have marked the appearances of the New York Gay Community Marching Band and the New York City Gay Men's Chorus. Their lesser-known sibling, the Stonewall Choral, a mixed group specializing in old church music, Renaissance and 20th-century polyphony, leads a more introspective existence. But when those 35 singers come out, all plumed and ultramarine in their performance gowns, New Yorkers can hear an ensemble impressive for their wide-ranging tastes and shaped by some very competent hands.

Donald Rock directs these voices with dignity, manifest gay pride that's warming to see in a man of his lengthy professional experience, and with—sad to say—a modesty that threatens to overshadow his accomplishments. Inadequate publicity for the Choral's April 15th concert at Central Presbyterian Church (Park Avenue at 64th Street) resulted in sparse attendance.

The Stonewallers seem to abhor the smell of greasepaint (or is it the smell of the crowd?). But all music, including Gregorian chant, is theater of a kind; that is, if it aims to spark a connection between performer and audience, there is some social and physical setting for it. The director and members must find more effective means of attracting the public they merit for a repertory that strays far from the beaten path.

The first half of this generous program featured church music from the Gregorian mode up to Marc Antonio Ingegneri, Monteverdi, Victoria and Palestrina, much of it a *cappella*, some with organ accompaniment. The men of the Stonewall have been singing together longer, since the Choral is an outgrowth of the Gotham Male Chorus, and their unison chant is superbly practiced. The chorus sings with score in hand, and some singers do not always watch their director for their entrances, accounting for a few—but very few—blurred passages. Rock chose to intersperse some of the ascribed material with Gregorian propers, and neither the extensive program notes nor his own behavior on the podium indicated in every case the conclusion of a piece. Applause was always acknowledged gracefully when it came, but seemed a matter of indifference. Again, a lack of the requisite theatricality. Overall, though, from a musical point of view, Rock's singers are relaxed, cool and proficient at rendering a free and noble legato line.

"Six Chansons," by Paul Hindemith, based on poems by Rilke (in French), constituted a wise opening selection for the second half of the program. Performed by eight solo voices tightly integrated, these gently crafted tone pictures belied the austerity with which the composer's reputation is burdened. They recall the lightness of one of Menotti's most elegant

creations, "The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manicore," which the Stonewall might consider singing in a choreographed staging.

The most religious piece for me was the well-known text "A stone, a leaf, an unfound door" from Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel* set as the "Prelude for Voices" by the living American composer William Schuman—religious in that the evocative words brought me up and beyond myself and mean circumstance. I cherish the opportunity of hearing Aurelio Fonti's innocent tenor ask, "Which of us is not forever a stranger and alone?" (Incidentally, this highly musical and dedicated young man will be heard from a good deal in coming months, as he is not only in the Stonewall Choral and the New York City Gay Men's Chorus, but is one of the three members of a new performing group called Just Good Friends that revives popular songs from the 1930s to the present in kicky arrangements, filling the vacuum left by the demise of the Gotham trio.)

A quartet of madrigals by composers from three centuries struck a bouncy canter. Morley's "April is in My Mistress' Face" fell to the distaff side of the Choral, lending an appropriate gay spirit to the number. The men in Robert de Persall's 19th-century ballad "When Allen-a-Dale Went A-Hunting" might have rendered the drama with more romantic flavor—yes, ritards!—and clearer enunciation. It came off mechanically. Rock's only artistic miss of the evening.

Of the three concluding 20th-century canons, two by Vincent Persichetti and Henry Brant, both well-established composers, made less of an impression than I had anticipated. The winner of that group was the "Round for Three" (male soloists) by a bass in the Choral, John Lester (b. 1959), a laddie's rollicking Dickensian farewell to his landlubber comrades and creditors. A composer needs to be performed, and it is good to see the Stonewall Choral making the commitment to presenting new names and their works.

Next time around, even if it takes keeping your ear close to the ground to find out when they're performing, give a listen. The emphasis is on music, not on the gayness of the occasion, though there's nothing wrong with that. You'll enjoy. ▽

Daring Drek

by D.J. Waxman

Who are the Pet Clams, and how do you expect me to know about these bizarre new groups?

Unorthodox, untrained, unintelligent, and unpleasant describe the early efforts of punk and new wave. More pertinent, informing your tastes may have been the anti-disco (read anti-gay) backlash that this rock was first used to support and further. Today, new music has broadened, matured, and become more universal, while disco has begun a decline into lifeless formula, mechanically reproduced. Time has brought changes and it may be time for you to change, but how to begin?

Radio offers little education, orientation, or examples of quality in new music

genres. I've pestered young gay friends (perverted or free enough to go punk/new wave) for information. I've tracked down any song that gets me dancing in the chest of mixed clubs, and I've bought a ton of mostly tacky vinyl. Slowly I've learned.

Disco, coast-to-coast, still hangs on as number one with gays. Before it totally dies or chokes us to death, you should begin checking out the alternatives. Whenever enough notable records accumulate, I'll try to give a report.

Comments are directed to a gay aesthetic and perspective rather than those of an artist or trend, and my judgments are my own. Although I will use ratings for purposes of comparison—A, B, C, D, etc., for now—please give your ears a chance to experience first-hand and the final say on what to play. Let me know what you think—I could use some encouragement.

1. *Blondie, Autoamerican, Chrysalis, CHE1290.*

Blondie's third mass-market LP proves a musical virtuosity and stylistic range—at the cost of diffusing their original artistic imagery and direction. For years now, Debbie Harry, Chris Stein, and the rest of the band have been carefully fleshing out a realistic portrait of life in modern times. In earlier songs we walked a thin, ambiguous edge: to one side is jaded hipness, seeking only new and further streamlined satisfactions for the self; on the other side, innocent and all-believing, full of simpler longings for the way we once were, way back when. Blondie's music has been a combination of the old Crystals/Angels days' and cold, futuristic, electronic spaces of sound. Debbie's voice has cried in teenaged despair with just enough flat detachment to prove that she didn't mean it, that she is for and with us moderns, and that she doesn't really expect us to care.

There are few high points to this album (save the current hit single, "Rapture"). Instead, a variety showcase, including reggae, rap, and Thirties blues, it is stylish, but it won't stick to your ribs.

Blondie meets Bette Midler: C+

2. *David Byrne and Brian Eno, My Life in the Bush of Ghosts, Sire, SRK6093*

Imagine your own definitions and best examples of disco, electronic, punk/new wave, even ethnic folk music. Next, imagine music that is all those combined at once and more. This is music of dissimilar parts, joined in layers, which still



David Byrne and Brian Eno

seems to find an organic harmony as one. Harking back to the "automatic" foundation of early surrealists, Byrne and Eno have constructed collages of sounds intended to strike at the heart of our collective unconsciousness. I think they've

made a successful start.

Afro, Latin, and Indian rhythms, in very subtle, expert, yet familiar arrangements, are the foundations for most of these compositions. The rhythmic sophistication will satisfy any and all discophile criteria without boring the rest of us with the same beat track after track. The "vocals" and other "instrumental" parts aren't so easy to describe. Maybe I could say it's a bit like Martin Luther King's of feel it and enjoy without needing translation of specific details. There are fragments of revival evangelists and Arabic, meditative chant-songs as vocals, with slogans from the streets, talk from the radio, and everyday sounds of people substituting for lyrics.

Eno is considered a major visionary of new music; solo, in electronic/environmental sound; and as a collaborator with the likes of Bowie and the Talking Heads. David Byrne is chief writer, vocalist, and founding member of the Talking Heads.

This is not discordant, loud, or harsh music. Put it on softly as background music the next time a few people visit. It grows with rather than on you. A—

3. *Elvis Costello and the Attractions, Trust, Columbia, JC37051*

Elvis Costello has always done his homework and if, at times, he's been unsteady or sporadically inspired, he has remained a master. This is hard-driving rock and it's rough in parts, but it recalls and honors all the greats with enough artistry to be worthy of them.

Elvis is a writer and singer with uncan-



Elvis Costello

ny instinct and versatility. He stays simple with the organ-predominant sound of the Attractions, adding some drum/bass rhythm solos or single-guitar breaks. And he works on vocals, triple harmonies with himself, chorus lines spreading out into infinite echoes, and the kind of emotional leads that force us back to Buddy Holly and Gene Pitney for comparison.

Trust is triumphant. The songs are offered not as profound revelations, nor are they self-centered affectations, just personal, human stories and ideas. Elvis has his way of seeing, and it does lean toward untrusting, but the modern settings and circumstance ring honest and real.

This is a dance party record that cries out to be played at full volume. If you can still find the uninhibited you inside, Trust will swell and carry you along in wave after wave of pop music pleasure like the good old days. A.

4. *Echo and the Bunnymen, Crocodiles, KOROVA/Sire SRK6096*

The Bunnymen have been called part of the "psychedelic" revival in British

music these days. I've listened carefully to find the connection to old "acid rock." It's vague if it even exists. There is a great deal of intricacy in the bass and guitar lines, and the drumming is notably exuberant, powerful, and free. The feeling and effect, however, are completely different. The Bunnymen approach psychedelic, through a looking glass, very darkly, dirgelike, and restrained.

Underneath there is a formless passion that drives their ascetic monotony. From complex synthetics to stripped down, primitive chords with a one-two beat, the only message is the mood. Early Doors or Lou Reed's Velvet Underground give some idea. It's so serious that pretense is automatically suspected. The pose is not put on, the confusion is sincere, and the frustration captured is the very essence of rock and roll. Unwilling, I'm still drawn to their dark and introverted world. An original statement from a band that fiercely intends to have an impact and probably will. **B**

5. Teardrop Explodes,
Kilimanjaro,
Mercury SRM-14016

Another band of the psychedelic revival, in fact an early split in Teardrop began the Bunnymen, but again the name bears little resemblance to the sound. Musically bright and varied, Teardrop bends over backwards to be inventive, popular, and easy to meet. Horns and plenty of synthesizers are engineered just to reach out and please you.

The album is a compilation of potential singles (some of which are very good), but there isn't anything to connect them. The recorded performances feel too forced after a few listens, and there are too many inventive effects to digest in an album side at one sitting. Two songs are absolutely essential, and at least one is a single: "When I Dream" and "Brave Boys Keep Their Promises." Make sure you get to hear them, and here's hoping they try a little less next time. **B-**

6. U2, Boy,
Island ILPS9646

Finally, another authentic, exuberant boy band, as their first LP is appropriately titled. Nothing more escapist than random glockenspiel and teenage love ditties, this is fun stuff with all the best ingredients. Bono, lead singer, delivers clear, melodic vocals to the naturally catchy guitar, bass, and drums. The guitarist plays notes in rhythmic melody. The drummer delivers a beat. The bass is on tempo. What more could you want? Nobody's a day over twenty and most of the songs are simply about boys. **B+**

7. Visage, Visage,
Polydor PD-1-6304

Figuring that some people can't quit disco disco turkey for the pain of withdrawal, here's some methadone. Another exclusive sect from London carries on the cult of fashion, sophistication, and Eurodisco. Artifice as art, pose as poise, looks for personality, and packaging as ultimate creation, Visage gives second-hand disco riffs a veneer of punk wainess, and proclaims it as something new.

Steve Strange and Dave Formula do have fantastic names. The movement has been referred to as neo-romantic, but substance has yet to be presented for review. To be fair as well as honest, the second side is okay and we all do experience moments of nonaligned indifference, perfectly suited for a Visage. **C**

Psycho Humor

by John Berryhill

Charles Ludlam has got to be one of the most brilliant comedic actors alive. His range and versatility are simply amazing. But what is even more amazing is his co-stars, who are able to match his performance so that an incredible ensemble is maintained and nobody steals the show. But then, that's the Ridiculous Theatrical Company.

Perhaps there are some of you out there in the periodical readership who have never journeyed to Sheridan Square (well, you've all gotten that far) and descended into the cavelike depths of the Ridiculous Theatre. If so, you are missing one of the great treats of New York theater. This company of players has been around for over thirteen years and has consistently produced strange and wonderful shows. They're also terribly funny. *Reverse Psychology* is no exception.

The plot is contrived, to say the least. A man (Charles Ludlam) and a woman (Black-Eyed Susan) go home together from a singles bar, and an affair ensues. He is Dr. Leonard Silver, her husband's analyst. She is Eleanor, a patient of Dr. Silver's wife, Dr. Karen Gold. A man (Bill Vehr) and a woman (Charlotte Forbes) meet at an art gallery, go home together, and an affair ensues. He is Freddie, an unsuccessful painter married to Eleanor and under Dr. Silver's treatment. She is Dr. Gold, a psychiatrist married to Dr. Silver and treating Eleanor. It's utterly ridiculous, but we would have been disappointed with anything less from the RTC.

This absurd set-up goes through a number of improbable developments, including a bondage scene that is a scream—or would be if the character involved were not gagged. Near the end of the play is the obligatory chance meeting of the pair of paramours. After that is a series of madcap plot twists and drug abuse.

The script is quite good, although the first act is too long. Particularly amusing are the scene in which Freddie decides to terminate treatment with Dr. Silver, and the breakfast scene with the husband and wife psychiatrists. Sex is minimal, but special note must be made of the clever effects achieved for the poolside sequence.

It is the players, however, who are most exceptional. Ludlam has the meatiest part and is given (by himself, for he is also the playwright) an opportunity to display his virtuosity. Charlotte Forbes brings an engaging spastic madness to her characterization of Karen Gold. In the roles of the hapless patients, Black-Eyed Susan is deliciously puerile and Bill Vehr is delightfully lugubrious.

Reverse Psychology is lots of fun, and although I had some qualms about the ending, the show is highly recommended for an amusing evening of theater.

I went to see *Trojan Women* fully prepared to hate it. It had been touted as Holly Woodlawn's new show, and I imagined yet another evening of tired drag. In point of fact, though Ms. Woodlawn's name was on the program (a chorus part, at that), (she) did not perform, nor was there any cross-dressing in the play.

THEATER



J.P. Dougherty and Tracey Berg in *Trojan Women*. Photo by Lui

Trojan Women or *Hecuba* or *Block or No Royalties* for Euripides (full title) is indeed based on the classic Greek tragedy by Euripides. The playwright is no doubt doing a mazurka in his grave as a result of this production. The action is transposed from the ruins of Troy to the ruins of Las Vegas. All the principals parody Vegas celebrities acting the Greek characters. Tracey Berg plays Joan Rivers doing Hecuba. Laura Kenyon plays Lainie Kazan, playing Andromache. Gloria F. Wise does Tammy Wynette in the role of Helen of Tahoe. There's also a Cher, an Elvis and a Rip Taylor.

Tracey Berg carries most of the show and does an hysterically accurate Joan Rivers. Euripides may not be around to demand royalties, but how Ms. Berg manages to shamelessly steal Ms. Rivers' material without incurring a lawsuit is a miracle, though she's so good, Ms. Rivers would probably be flattered. Actually, almost everyone in the cast is excellent. Ula Hedwig's Cher is fearless (beyond flawless)—voice, hair and body all perfect. The pulchritudinous showgirls are a hoot as the Greek chorus turning in performances that range from autistic to hyperkinetic. Young Marge Cross nearly steals the show

with a two-line telephone bit that brings the house down. Marc Haines Shaiman recreates a late-in-life Elvis, complete with a grotesque, hairy belly protruding from a glitter-pimp jumpsuit. His voice quality is pure Presley.

Costume credit is listed as Gallo's Humour but looks like the third reel of *Fredrick's of Hollywood Meets Wig America*—the complete amalgam of bad taste and hair spray. In keeping with that feeling, and maintaining its ever-tacky tradition, Club 57 (57 St. Mark's Place between First and Second avenues) presented this show as "dinner theater": all the Kraft macaroni and cheese you could eat—with your fingers. Very conceptual.

Given the milieu of the performance, director Scott Wittman has a hit on his hands. I qualify my kudos only because I have seen similar wonderfully trashy shows moved to more presentable theaters and flop. Word has it that the production will move to the 82 Club (on 4th Street near Second Avenue). Formerly a back-room fuck space, formerly a new wave rock club, formerly the most notorious drag cabaret in New York City, it certainly sounds like an environment that will pass the test of sleaze. **▽**

Psychos, No Humor

by Robert Chesley

Redback
by Denis Spedaliere
New York Theater Studio

Joe, the hero of a new straight play called *Redback*, now playing at the New York Theater Studio, is an alienated young man and a member of a small gang. In the play's opening sequence, the gang bashes a faggot, during the course of the play's first act, Joe sexually menaces a black waitress, intimidates a street sweeper, brutalizes a whore whom he holds at knifepoint, and fails to communicate with his father. I can't tell you what happens in the second act. Sorry.

What drove me away from the theater was not the subject matter as such (though I admit I didn't give a damn about what happens to Joe or his pals), but the direction of the play by Richard V. Romagnoli. Romagnoli has paid lavish attention to the look of the play: the set (by Loy Arcenas), the costumes (by Gayle Everhart) and the lighting (by John Hickey) are all handsome and effective; the movement is carefully blocked and choreographed. In addition, there is original music by James Petosa. But all this comes to nothing, for the acting is pretty poor; and scene after scene fails to take fire, despite the violence.

Under these circumstances, it is difficult enough to judge the script by Denis Spedaliere. Matters were not helped by the fact that Richard Hayes as Joe mutters half his lines inaudibly, or by the fact that on the night I saw (half) the show, Romagnoli permitted the air conditioner to remain on during the performance, which smothered much of what was said with a cushion of white noise. What I could hear of the script sounded unconvincing and windy. **▽**

Men Dancing: Alone

by Barry Laine

Men dancing. Alone. Together. There's something about it that excites.

They were excited at Dance Theater Workshop last month when Bill T. Jones danced solo and excited still the following week when he teamed up with Arnie Zane. They were also excited at Theater of the Riverside Church in early April, when a week-long "Men Dancing" festival presented no fewer than fourteen male modern dancers.

I think that men dancing has become a metaphor—at least in America—for "breaking away," for choosing something beyond the expected (or accepted). When a man puts on a pair of leotards who knows what will happen? Dancing offers no guarantees; it is never objective. You must start with your own person, your own equipment, and discover this is how it works, this is what I must do in order to get up off the ground, this is who I am. Dance is self-knowledge. Dance is also getting up in front of a crowd of people and jumping around.

When a man dances before us on stage (especially the modern dancer) we see all this. And as sexy or beautiful or graceful as the man may be, I think it's his vulnerability that's most exciting.

Bill T. Jones' DTW solo concert offered three works, but what moved me the most was *Sisyphus*—almost a theater piece—which was premiered last fall at Washington's Kennedy Center. The form seems autobiographical, though I do not know if any of Jones' family allusions are indeed accurate. But *seeming* autobiographical is really enough: Jones is creating a revelatory medium, one that promises truth if not fact. There are two layers to the dance: the actual movement and a spoken text. Jones is tall and muscled, a sleek, impressive dancer with an admirable carriage. His choreography is eclectic: balletic *port de bras* meets Afro-Caribbean neck and hip rotation. Moving, he is a "beautiful" dancer, in the best sense of the word; even when treading familiar choreographic ground he does so with such style and grace that watching becomes a pleasure. For *Sisyphus* the movement set mood and accompaniment for the more primary text, which embodied the drama of the work. Jones used a simple, but effective device for his extended monologue. "I took a walk some 25 years ago..." he begins, and proceeds to tell us stories about his (a?) family and growing up. He moves forward in time, each repeating "I took a walk..." advancing toward the present and revealing something more about the character we see dancing before us. Surprisingly, the present rushes by as soon as it is achieved, and it be-

comes clear that the character speaking is now bedridden, dying in a hospital—a projection of a possible future. We have been given a whole life's span. But then we are back in the here and now, with Bill T. Jones talking about dancing at DTW on this particular night, wondering "What is this stuff made of?" and watching his own hand moving in the white light that dims slowly to darkness.

Life is not art, so its comprehension demands a formalization (sometimes fictionalization) to render it translatable. This is what Jones had accomplished with his text. Remy Charlip managed a similar result with movement, highlighting small, exaggerated gestures to create a highly stylized look for his *Meditation* solo at the Men Dancing festival. First created in 1966, but still evolving, this was my favorite work of the festival. Charlip appears on stage, black shirt and black slacks. He is about 50, half-bald and graying, a person whom you probably wouldn't notice on the subway. Against the sappy romanticism of Massenet's "Meditation" (from *Thais*—remember Beverly Sills dancing with a dozen mirrors at the Met?) the man flexes his heels, his wrists. He clasps his hands together, separating and touching the two index fingers. His face contorts, blows little kisses—fishlike, though, rather than human. His mouth and cheeks begin to shake, vibrate violently. He shakes his fist. He stretches out his empty palms. The intensity of the emotions—despair, anger, fear—is shocking, the more so because we have no readily accessible "character" with which to distance ourselves. A lot of the audience laughed—too close for comfort, I guess. The movements are decidedly pedestrian and non-virtuosic, as is the dress (the dance has been performed at times in a business suit). That's just an ordinary man up there, any man. Raw.

This dance is all the more powerful because it depends upon masterful control of gesture and subtle expression. Charlip may not have the speed, extension, lift—whatever—of youth, but 50 years of living have made him an artist. Likewise, Don Redlich, of the same generation, showed such command and surety that even though I was little moved by his solo *Passin' Through* (six vignettes of a gambling man on the prowl, to banjo folk music), I felt privileged to watch the man dance.

Manuel Alum's *Dream R.E.M.* No. 511772 (music by John Cage) also demonstrated that less can be more. From the program, "This dance is based on a dream that I had at the time I was learning and performing the Yaqui Indian Deer Dance, which took the blood out of my feet..."



Don Redlich of Don Redlich Dance Company.

DANCE

I think we'd see the deer even without the note, for Alum uncannily transforms his fingers into antlers, kicks his back foot (you see how well the spell holds!) like a doe shaking moss off her hoof. This dance brings our eyes to feet and hands. Thumbs point out, toes curl, a perfect arabesque is broken by the arched foot suddenly crooked downward. We are at the extremities, at the extremes. It's scary out there, and Alum seems so defenseless, so brave.

Motion can be metaphor as well as simile; Alum's movements lead us to abstract emotional glosses as well as literal interpretations. So Gus Solomons, Jr.'s "pure movement" *Statements of Nameless Root*, performed in silence, is on one level simply a thoroughly satisfying, superbly executed series of physical explorations (with particular attention to the relations among arm, hand and head), but on another level is about exploring, about discovering, about combining familiar material to create new relations. And Solomons too can make every muscle count. His sixth and final section finds him lying on the floor face-down. His face muscles twitch, his shoulder and upper arm muscles ripple almost imperceptibly. Again. It is the very first movement of the complex and effortful process of getting up off the floor. Again. But that's all we see. Lights out. Dance over. We've seen a few muscles contract. We've also seen a man try to pick himself up and—by choice or failure—succeed.

Abstract dance demands no less courage than character work. In a sense the dancer is even more exposed; there's no

pretense that it's anyone but him up there, here and now. Tim Buckley's *Shuffle Over Motion* (Bach) is one such work that shows an individual taking risks as dancer and choreographer. Buckley performs regularly with Nina Wiener and Dancers and this dance, originally designed for Wiener, shows her unique influence—constant changes in dynamics, seemingly independent motion of arms and legs, brain-boggling permutations of phrases. Buckley is a particularly strong and speedy dancer, and his attack can be fierce as he lunges forward to stamp his heel or shoot out his arm to a sudden stop. But Buckley's thrusts melt instantly into softness and he tempers such hard-edged accents with lyrical swirls of motion that remind me of *Spectre de la rose*. Buckley really works out in *Shuffle*, as a mover and as a thinker, and the audience really appreciated the effort, which is, after all, part of the point.

I didn't care so much for Robert Small's *Musings* (music by Maureen Wiley), which, though performed with accomplishment, didn't offer a *raison d'être* or point of view I could grab hold of. Small is a sensitive dancer, though, and the audience enjoyed his piece. Another cool number, though superficially "hot," was William Gornel's crowd-pleasing rendition of *Early Sunday Morning*. Choreographed by Louis Falco, "assisted by" Gornel, this dance is in the Falco repertoire—and it has the flashy look and jazzy sound of a lot of Falco work. Gornel dances very sexually with some sheets and pillowcases—in a "morning-after" reverie of passion and frenzy that is, at the end, just shrugged off. I found the dance too glib, but am willing to concede its virtues. ▽

(Next Issue: Men Dancing—Together)

The Front Runners: Ahead of the Pack

by David Feinberg

They're not like other people. They don't eat junk food. They don't boogie until the break of dawn. Gregarious as they might be, on the whole they'd rather stick with their own kind.

They're runners. As a glance at the Gayellow Pages will show, gay people have organized every imaginable activity to give themselves something new to do together as gays.

With Front Runners New York, it works the other way. First and foremost they are runners—albeit runners with different social interests than many. Running, not being gay, is their lifestyle.

"Running is more than the hour a you spend running," explains Front Runner Joel Fisher.

"Runners are different from the main population," says Sal Liriano, and gay runners are "very detached from the mainstream of the gay world."

This is not to say that they don't have a few common concerns that extend beyond running itself. As a group, runners tend to share an interest in health, fitness, the environment, and testing the limits of their own abilities.

Perhaps with this in mind, Malcolm Robinson, a former British National competitor living in Des Moines, Iowa, dreamed of the potential that a gay running club would have. He came out nine years ago, but he didn't have a chance to act on his idea until he gave up an editing job at *Better Homes and Gardens* magazine to move to New York.

"It would be great if you could pull it off," he was told in 1977 by Patricia Nell Warren, author of *The Front Runner*, a novel about an affair between a track athlete and his coach.

Later Robinson heard about San Francisco's Lavender Running Club, which had just adopted the name Front Runners. By this time he was editor of *New York Running News*, a publication of the local Road Runners Club, and in August 1979 he placed an announcement in the *News* for gay runners. The founding meeting of Front Runners New York was held in September.

Robinson continued placing announcements in the running press, and membership grew. Due to the nature of the medium, the first participants were already experienced running competitors.

However, a new board that took over in December, led by Steve Gerben, began reaching for a broader membership by placing promotional posters in bars and in health clubs. Gerben, who volunteers at the Gay Switchboard, encourages callers to come out and run, and he has recently guested on a running program on WBAL. Consequently, the more recent recruits have been casual joggers more than competitive runners.

The truly serious competitors among the membership set strict goals for themselves in preparation for a long list of marathons and runs. Two club members, Joel Fisher and Sue Foster, ran in the recent Boston Marathon.

At the age of 42, Fisher was competing in his first Beantown Run. His improved performance in last fall's New York City Marathon qualified him for the event.

Sal Liriano, 20, grew up with running—(His father is also a long-distance runner.) His devotion to the sport, however, has distanced him from most other gays.

"I had a problem with gay people," he says. He had a hard time finding guys with common interests; he found the bars to be of no use because "people were not willing to talk to each other."

The Front Runners, he says, took care of the problem: "The people on this team are so friendly. There are no barriers between people."

The members of the club are now training for a full schedule of marathons and other contests. As many as 11 members plan to take part in the Long Island Marathon on May 3.

Anyone is welcome to join in the Front

Runners' Saturday morning "Fun Runs," which begin about 10 o'clock by Tavern on the Green in Central Park and wind up there about an hour later. Following the jaunts, the runners brunch at the Dakota Restaurant on West 72nd Street.

There are also monthly "thematic" runs through such areas as lower Manhattan and Flushing Meadow. The runs go on year-round, no matter what the weather. "If people come, they run," says Gerben.

According to Gerben, beginners who want to limit their distance or go slower than the rest of the pack get special attention from the other runners. "We don't leave anyone running by themselves," he says. "But people pick it up fast. They get their mileage up there."

Special instruction will be available beginning in May, when the Front Runners will start offering Thursday-evening clinics in such skills as speedwork, hill training, running style, and stretching.

To train with the Front Runners New York, call Steve Gerben at (212) 675-2797 or at the Gay Switchboard, (212) 777-1800. The club's mailing address is P.O. Box 363, Village Station, New York, NY 10014.



Steve Gerben (left) and members of the Front Runners. Photo by Clain DiPalma.

In the League

The Big Apple Softball League opens its fifth season this week, and 16 teams will be competing for the coveted league title. Sometime in mid-August there will be one team which will have the honor of representing New York in the 5th Annual Gay World Series in Toronto. In the next issue of *THE NATIVE*, we'll cover every team in the league, starting this week with Division 1 of the Howell Conference.

Boat Hill Bandits

The Bandits are one of the remaining original teams that started this league. In April 1977, the Bandits took the field against the Nickel Bisons and officially opened the first season along with the Eagle and the Ramrod. Since that first game the bandits have remained cooperative and this year is no exception. The bandits are one of the few teams that can boast the fact that they have seven players who remain from the days of that first game back in '77.

Leading this spirited group are Fred Howell, Jim Vega, Ken Hyde, and Frank Humphries. Fred is recognized around the league as the founder of the Softball League and will be making a comeback after a couple of years away. Jim Vega will be repeating his role as field coach again this year and Ken Hyde is the team manager. Frank Humphries served last year as softball commissioner and will be coming back to concentrate more on the team this year.

The contributions of the Bandits to the Softball League in the past are without equal. They coordinated the very successful police game last year and will be doing the same this year for the opening game of the season. The Bandits are very optimistic about the 1981 season; they have added Chuck Dima and Jerry Pinto, both ex-M.C.A.A. Commissioners and fine ball players. Also on the team this year is none other than Nancy Corporon of marching band fame. Good luck, Bandits.

National News

National Softball Commissioner Bill Muldoon was in town during the holidays before continuing to Boston. Bill is a resident of St. Paul and co-commissioner of the Twin Cities Good Times Softball League; he was recently elected to serve as National Commissioner. John Panerice, league treasurer and coach of the Dignity Softball team, was elected as Assistant Commissioner during the recent spring meeting in Toronto. Congratulations and good luck to both of these hard-working guys.

San Francisco: The Gay Softball League opened its season two weeks ago, featuring the Chorus and Band for its opening ceremony. The Gay Olympics Committee is in business announcing that the athletic extravaganza will be held at Kezar Stadium August 28 through September 5, 1982. For more information, call Steve Kopel at (415) 626-1305.

Washington, D.C.: The first regional gay basketball tournament will be held by the D.C. Sports Association during the weekend of April 25. Jerry Walls will be leading a team representing the M.C.A.A. and consisting of players from the Spike Rebels Sports Club.

Milwaukee: The Saturday Softball Beer League has announced that 21 teams will be competing in the 4th Annual Wreck Room Softball Classic, which will include three New York teams and other teams across the country and Canada.

Mountain: The Montrose Sports Association will have a busy time in Texas this year. They will be hosting the Bowling World Series during the Memorial Day Weekend and a National Softball Tournament during the July 4th weekend. New York's M.C.A.A. will be

sending teams for both.

Softball Tournaments 1981

Milwaukee: 21 teams competing in the Wreck Room Classic. Kelly's Village West, Badlands Buddies, and Spike Rebels will be representing New York. The Tournament will be held during the Memorial Day Weekend.

New England: About 8 teams competing from New York, Boston, and southern New England. The tournament will be held in New Haven during July 4th weekend. The Nickel Bisons and Boat Hill Bandits are expected to attend and represent New York.

Houston: 12 teams are expected to compete during the July 4th weekend. The Eagle will represent New York.

Twin Cities: The Good Times Softball League will be hosting their first tournament, mostly teams from Milwaukee, Toronto, and Chicago. New York may send a representative team, but it has not been decided at press time.

Los Angeles: Possibility of hosting a tournament during July 4th weekend, mostly teams from the L.A. area and San Francisco.

Richard Diaz



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THE ROSS REPORT

Playing It Safe

by Dr. Harold S. Ross, M.D.

In the past ten years there has been growing concern over the increased incidence of sexually transmitted diseases (STD). The past few years have also seen the emergence of new venereal diseases which have reached epidemic proportions in our large cities. Until very recently that segment of the population with the highest incidence of STD—gay men under 30—took a very devil-may-care attitude toward the problem. Today, however, even the most blasé individual has become concerned—and justifiably so—with the health problems existing in the gay community. The key to playing it safe lies in the understanding of the sexually transmitted diseases and in the willingness to undergo a preventative V.D. testing at regular intervals.

Why are gay men becoming more concerned with their health? There are several reasons for this. In the first place, people in general are more health-conscious today than ever before. It seems that almost everyone I know is either jogging, cycling, or both and working out like fanatics at one of the many proliferating health clubs in the city. At the same time everyone has a friend, who has a friend, who has just contracted hepatitis or amebias or venereal warts or herpes or whatever for the umpteenth time. Many men are becoming not only more aware but scared.

Why do sexually active gay and bisexual men run a greater risk of contracting STD than straight men?

Gay sex is easy to find. Contacts can be made at parties, at the opera, on the streets, in restaurants, in bars, at the baths, in backrooms, etc. The easy availability leads to multiple contacts and, therefore, to rapid spread of whatever happens to be going around.

Many diseases can remain hidden—in the throat or intestinal tract, for example—producing no symptoms, causing the individual to be totally unaware that he is ill. He will continue to be sexually active, thereby infecting others.

In addition, it is not unusual for a gay man not to know his partners, so even if he finds out that he has an STD, he will not be able to warn them. So a cycle begins and continues. Furthermore, many gay men use physicians who are uninformed of the very special health problems which gay men experience. Gay physicians or straight physicians with knowledge of gay life styles are the ones to seek out. One should feel comfortable with his physician and should have no fear of being completely honest with him.

Are bars safer than the baths or backrooms as far as one's health is concerned?

The answer is probably yes. There is no question that getting to know one's future sex partner is helpful to a large degree. At a bar one can observe whether that attractive blond number is drinking alcohol. There are usually three reasons (other than being an honest-to-goodness non-drinker) why someone at a bar is drinking orange juice or ginger ale: 1) he is

taking antibiotics for some infection, venereal or otherwise, 2) he has had a recent bout with hepatitis, or 3) he is a reformed alcoholic. The third is, of course, no obvious health risk, but the first and second reasons could indicate a risk of infection, and the individual could either be unaware or simply doesn't care. The right questions are almost certain to tell you why, and the decision to risk your health over a pretty face is entirely yours. If that humpy number brushing against your knee is downing scotch like there's no tomorrow you still can't assume that he's "Mr. Clean." However, casual conversation with him with occasional references to health problems, will tell you a good deal about him. If humpy brags that he has not had a V.D. check for years, frequents the baths regularly, and is mad for the "trucks," your decision to go home with him will have at least been made with your eyes open to all of the possible consequences. It's my opinion, though, that you should pass him up, however difficult that may be, because by showing so little concern for his own health, he shows absolutely none for anyone else.

If the gorgeous bearded number you have spent the past thirty minutes talking with seems to have some degree of social

consciousness in addition to his other assets, go home with him. There is no guarantee, of course, that you won't be dripping in three days, but at least the odds were not hopelessly stacked against you from the beginning.

Can the baths be safe?

In general, no. But there are ways to minimize the risks. It is always terribly clever to try and bag the "cute" who has just arrived, fresh and untouched by human hands. Try to get him before everyone else has had him. Since this is not always possible, the next best thing is to set your sights on someone who has just left the showers. At least he'll be somewhat clean.

Are backroom bars really health risks?

Yes. Healthwise they are a potential threat to every gay man in the city. You may never have set foot in one, but the "preppie" type you've just landed at your favorite Upper East Side watering hole just happens to be a regular at one of the hottest backroom bars in town. You can't win.

If you feel your life would be incomplete without visiting a backroom bar, choose one that at least has decent lighting so you can see what you are getting into. Here again, you can try the standing-by-the-door-and-getting-him-first routine. After you have done your thing head for the washroom to urinate (no, the bathtub doesn't count).

Since soap is a no-no in these places, a good idea to carry a few disposable moist towelettes to wash the parts you've used. Then head straight to the bar for a quick gargle of 100-proof vodka!

What are the general rules for playing it safe?

1) Wash thoroughly before sex—for your partner's protection.

2) After sex, urinate, then wash well, working some of the lather into the

urinary opening, rinse the soap off and urinate again.

3) Use only water-soluble lubricants, such as K-Y, which will wash away easily, rather than oil-based lubricants like Vaseline, which can trap bacteria and viruses.

4) Examine your body thoroughly and regularly, especially your thighs, neck, penis, and anal areas. Be on the lookout for rashes, sores, itches, discharges, and changes in bowel habits.

5) Don't have sex with anyone if you feel you may be coming down with something.

6) Don't take antibiotics on your own in the hope of preventing infection. You will probably be taking the wrong dosage of the wrong antibiotic, thereby making a really serious disease like syphilis.

7) Always give your name and telephone number to even your most casual sex partner and try to get his.

8) See your doctor for regular preventative check-ups.

Next issue: Tips on what's going around this season, how often you should see your doctor for a routine examination and testing, and what you should be tested for.

Harold Ross, M.D., specializes in the treatment of sexually transmitted diseases and dermatology and is in private practice in Manhattan. He invites you to send letters or comments to him at:

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Please indicate whether your letter is intended for publication and, if so, whether or not your name may be used.

CANADA

Continued from page 13

someday be shocked to find themselves treated like the rabble in the ghetto.

Official policy toward gay people vacillates because authorities must determine whether the gay elite do more to conserve the existing social order than the gay communities they create or profit from do to subvert it. Thatcherism in England and Reaganism in the U.S. have helped to chill the climate of Canada as well. An actual conspiracy was hardly necessary for Toronto's Tories to realize that queers would make good political footballs around election time. A political commentator in the February 10 *Ottawa Citizen* wrote, "The rationale behind the raids would seem to be puzzling. Perhaps it is not . . . An Ontario election has just been called, with Bill Davis and his Conservatives trying for the third time to achieve the majority mandate denied to them by the electorate . . . The spectacular assault on the bathhouses and the mass arrests, just as the election campaign is getting underway, highlight where the Bill Davis law-and-order government stands."

I went to an evening meeting of the RTPC at which the police were discussed at some length. The bravado of recent police actions leads some to suspect that there may be further acts of repression in the near future. Undercover cops have pulled stunts like carrying gay banners at a recent protest, and then arresting protesters: this is documented in photographs. The new Mayor, Toronto, Art Eggleton, joined Attorney General Roy McMurtry in opposing demands for an independent inquiry into the police raids:

"Instead, the Toronto police have set up 'an internal investigation' and have asked to interrogate RTPC members in the process. The RTPC voted unanimously against cooperation, and went on to debate whether RTPC members should have 'informal' meetings with police, or should only meet with police at community meetings with the media present. The RTPC is trying to assess the police and their actions clearly. In Toronto, as in San Francisco and New York City, it is stupid to dismiss all members of the police as bribed thugs, but it is suicidal to pretend that the police force is anything other than what it is: an instrument of established law and order, no matter how unjust both may be.

There are lessons for American gays to learn from the repression and rebellion in Canada. The unity that Canadian gays have built with other minorities, with women, and with labor is impressive, and well worth striving for here. The militance of our brothers and sisters to the north is also worth emulating, for the right will not be appeased on either side of the border. "Those who favor freedom and yet deprecate agitation," wrote black Abolitionist Frederick Douglass in 1857, "are people who want crops without plowing up the ground. Power concedes nothing without a demand: it never did, and it never will." On February 20, 1981, Mariana Valverde, speaking for the International Women's Day Committee, addressed a similar message to 4,000 people who stood outside Toronto's 52 Division:

"As women we did not get the vote by writing polite letters. We got the vote by demonstrating, by going on hunger strikes, by chaining ourselves to railings, and all kinds of other very unladylike behavior. As gay people, we will not win our rights

by getting dressed up in our Sunday best and going to knock on politicians' doors. We will not gain our rights by saying please and thank you. Gay people cannot afford to be polite. We have to fight back."

The Right to Privacy Committee urgently needs donations to carry on its work of educating the public, building the gay community, and defending those charged and arrested in the raids. Checks should be made payable to: Harriet Sachs in trust for RTPC. Send contributions to: RTPC, 730 Bathurst St., Toronto, Ontario, CANADA M5S 2R4.

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A Puce Picture

A few days ago Arthur Bell returned from Los Angeles, where he was covering the Oscars. Vito Russo—there to write about *Making Love*, starring Michael Ontkean, Kate Jackson, and Harry Hamlin—just returned. This is their telephone conversation of April 9.

Arthur: Vito, you're back.

Vito: Are you alright?

Arthur: I'm sorry I was so abrupt. It's just been such a rotten day. The lamp in the living room is broken. Have you ever dealt with a handyman? I'll tell you, I was ready to strangle him. Six hours to fix a light?

Vito: That's absurd.

Arthur: I fucked up my whole day! I have a seven o'clock date and I was supposed to leave a half an hour ago. The handyman just walked out of the apartment. I screamed at him. And he doesn't even speak English.

Vito: That goes without saying. Just like cabdrivers. Your Oscar piece is on the front page. I haven't read it yet. I'm sitting here looking at it.

Arthur: Read it at your leisure. I'm proud of it. Give yourself seven or eight hours to study it.

Vito: You mean the way Michael Denney reads our conversations in the *Native*? To find out what the meaning is?

Arthur: To discover the *leitmotif*. What happened in L.A. after I left?

Vito: I've got to tell you what I found out about *Partners*, and if you learned anything, you can tell me. They were shooting *Making Love* at the Mother Lode—were you in there, remember? So I got to the shooting early and there were 50 gay extras just standing around waiting for the cameras to roll. One extra said, "I'm shooting at the Blue Parrot next week." And he said, "No, darling, it's the Spike." And he said, "No, not *Making Love*, *Partners*. So I said, "Are they shooting already? Who's playing the gay cop?" He answered, "First we heard Ray Sharkey, now we hear Tom Sellick."

Arthur: Tom who?

Vito: Sellick. From "Magnum P.I." on television. A dreamboat if ever there was one. He's the gay heartthrob. He's a big star on television.

Arthur: That's why I don't know him.

Vito: So, anyway—this is going to say you—I heard that the Gay Actors Alliance in L.A. got shold of the screenplay and it's "Abbott and Costello Meet the Fags." The gay cop has a pink Volkswagen in the movie, he serves coffee to all the other cops and they treat him like a woman! The fag jokes fly. The cops make fun of him and he's always apologizing for this



RUSSE/BELL CONNECTION

and that. He's very nelly. Anyway, Aaron Russo is producing this movie.

Arthur: I knew that. You know how? Remember when I interviewed James Caan? The same day, Liz Smith printed that Caan was starting *Partners* next week. I said to Caan, "Let's talk about it," and he said, "Liz Smith's item is a mistake." I said, "What's the problem?" And he said, "The problem is the producer." He said a few things about Aaron Russo's ethics. That's how I knew.

Vito: Well, a member of the Gay Actors' Alliance called Aaron and said, "I'd like to talk to you about *Partners* because we think it's offensive and stereotypical." It took GAA two weeks before Aaron agreed to a meeting. The GAA guy walked into Aaron's office, and—were you sitting down here?—Aaron's wearing a black leather harness.

Arthur: Oh, God, what's happened to him since he's split with Midler?

Vito: It's his idea of a joke.

Arthur: You know what it is, after Bette left him, he went to pieces. Incredible. So what's Aaron doing? Is he changing the script any?

Vito: No. According to this guy from GAA, they came to no agreement, and he was rude. He didn't see anything wrong with the script.

Arthur: Do you know who else is in the film?

Vito: No. Do you?

Arthur: It hasn't officially started production yet.

Vito: This coming Wednesday, they'll be shooting at the Blue Parrot.

Arthur: Listen, James Caan wasn't saying anything about the gay angle. He just was badmouthing Aaron Russo. Didn't Aaron have something to do with Manhattan Transfer for awhile?

Vito: Yes. And he also produced the gay concert at the Hollywood Bowl and there was lots of controversy over that.

Arthur: It's very interesting how Aaron has always been on the periphery of gay activity. Is he married?

Vito: He was married when he met Bette. But he divorced his wife.

Arthur: Very interesting. I'll tell you,

we're in for an onslaught, between *Partners* and *Making Love*—much as you love *Making Love*.... I can't stand the script.

Vito: You might argue about *Making Love* on the grounds that it's the *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* of the gay movement, which it is, and it's the whitest gay film anyone's going to see.

Arthur: It's paler than white. What's the palest version of lavender? Puce? It's the puce of gay films.

Vito: It's a puce picture. But at least you've got to say it's a risky, courageous project because it's the next step in establishment movies.

Arthur: You see, I don't agree.

Vito: It's not offensive.

Arthur: No, it's not offensive, in a blatant way. I think it's offensive because it's so inoffensive. What I think is happening is that the popularity of *La Cage aux Folles* is driving them into picturing us as laughable items. Suddenly they're emphasizing the effeminacy of gays for an easy laugh. That's the new surge in Hollywood film production. I think I'm going to write a column about it.

Vito: Good.

Arthur: Did you talk to Michael Ontkean, finally?

Vito: Very briefly. I made them promise that he'll call me in New York within the next two weeks.

Arthur: With him, it's better by phone. He's such a wreck.

Vito: I told them, "I don't want to be his friend. I don't want to know him. I want to interview him. And that was it."

Arthur: Good for you. The only way you can deal with Michael Ontkean is to shock him. He's one of those sensitive young brats. At any rate, did you read Suzy today? Harry Hamlin and Ursula Andress have split. He's been terrible to her, according to Suzy.

Vito: No.

Arthur: Yes.

Vito: I had lunch with Hamlin on Tuesday. We were on the set. He came out and said, "Where do you want to eat?" I said, "They're serving lunch on the back lot." He said, "No, I don't want to eat that food. Can we go to the Greenery?" So we

went to the Greenery, where you and I and Donald went last week. We sat there with total wall-to-wall gays.

Arthur: Did anybody recognize him?

Vito: They stared at him. If eyes could fuck, he was getting fucked by every eye in the place.

Arthur: Oh, God. He's so gorgeous.

Vito: He is gorgeous. I must say. He was talking about the baby from Ursula. Did you see my piece in the *Soho News*? I got attacked by Allen Roskoff.

Arthur: Why?

Vito: When I got home from the airport, I dropped my bags in the apartment and I headed straight to the Eagle.

Arthur: As is your wont.

Vito: As is my wont. I walked into the Eagle and the first thing that happened is that Roskoff clapped his hand on my shoulder and said, "Vito, how could you do that to me?" and I said, "Do what?" He said, "You don't call the mayor Crazy Eddie in print without referring to him as the mayor or Ed Koch."

Arthur: You know what the problem with Allen is? Allen thinks he's a politician. It's just drastic. You didn't apologize, I hope. When you refer to Crazy Eddie, everybody knows it's Ed Koch. It's as simple as that. Allen wasn't pissed off about what you wrote on Miriam Friedlander?

Vito: Yeah. That was the next question. Allen says, "Vito, why do you hate Miriam Friedlander?" I said, "I don't hate Miriam Friedlander. I saw twice in a row what she did, and I printed it." He thinks Friedlander is our friend and Henry Stern is the publicity seeker who really doesn't give a shit for gay rights and is there just for the press.

Arthur: So what else is new? Allen's probably right. Wayne Barrett from the *Voice* came over to me yesterday and said, "Did you see the *Soho Weekly News* picked up your *Post* tirade," and he went into a number on Stern, too. I said, "As far as I'm concerned, the best thing that could happen to this town is to abolish the City Council." He considers Stern very weak. Also, the lawyer came to the paper yesterday and talked to us about the Carol Burnett, *National Enquirer* decision.

Vito: There's a piece on the Op Ed page of the *Times* today that's very good.

Arthur: I didn't see it. Were they for it or against it?

Vito: The *Times* was against the decision. They said that punitive damages are just a flight of fancy of the jury.

Arthur: I'm totally against the decision. In fact, I'm livid.

Vito: You're in good company. Cliff Jahn said he thought Burnett gave the performance of her life on the witness stand.

Arthur: Never mind that. How has it harmed her career? If I were to write that Michael Ontkean has a passion for apricots and it turns out that his parents died from an overdose of apricots, how do I know? Are we supposed to know the history of the parents of everyone we write about? However, I did know that Burnett's parents were alcoholics, but if I saw her taking a drink, I'd report it. Wouldn't you? Anyway, I'm dying to see you, so we can catch up. But the thing is, right now I'm so filthy and I'm late for my date. In fact, it might be just the right thing for this guy I'm meeting tonight. I think I'll just gargle. We're going to see *Knight Riders*.

I've really got to go. I really don't have time to shower. I'll talk to you tomorrow. We'll catch up.

Vito: No, no. I understand.

Arthur: These fucking working men. I just don't know how to treat them. My voice is hoarse from shouting. Bye.

BAYER

Continued from page 15
grateful because of it. Others felt differently. They claim that if we admit that they have the right to declare that we are not rich, we implicitly give them the right to declare anything they want to about us.

To take that position, one has to assume that psychiatry as a social institution isn't very important. I think that ignores the power that psychiatry as a social institution has in the United States. Despite the claims of critics like Thomas Szasz, psychiatry is not as dominant as the church in other periods of history, but it is powerful, and its influences are very important. Sometimes those influences are subtle, sometimes not so subtle.

The decision to focus on psychiatry was a terribly important one. Gays like Frank Kameny chose it as an important target in fashioning a movement for social liberation.

Your position, then, is that anyone who feels or felt that we shouldn't fight for those changes is ignoring the fact that the APA is very powerful, and it is better to have them as friends.

At least not as enemies. More important than the change in official labels, however, will be the consequences. How will psychiatrists be taught about homosexuality? What will their textbooks say? How will gay psychiatrists be treated by their colleagues? What role will official psychiatry play in opposing anti-gay social practices? These are some issues I try to touch on in my book. It is still too soon to answer any of these questions in a definitive manner. They are crucial, however.

I was impressed with the fairness of your presentation of the conflict. How

have psychiatrists reacted to your book?

In general, their responses have been surprisingly favorable. I decided early on that a political diatribe would serve no useful purpose. I believed that a stance that allowed the material to speak for itself would be of great importance. To capture the passion of the struggle without being swept away by it was harder than I could have imagined. Today, seven years afterward, the feelings of the gays and psychiatrists are still quite strong about those events.

I know passions ran very high in those days, yet you were able to give a step-by-step account of things that were happening without being on sides. The only place I found your own values coming in was in the last couple of pages of the book, where you warn about the possibility of a reversal of the Psychiatric Association's decision to remove homosexuality from the list of diseases.

For me, the possibility of such a reversal must be seen in the context of the awful changes now occurring in American society. The change in psychiatric thinking in the early 1970s has to be understood in terms of the major social upheaval in the United States of the 1960s and '70s—the rise of feminism, the rise of the civil rights movement, the anti-war movement, the generational upheaval. All those things lent force to the struggle on the part of gays. Those changes began to shatter some of the conventional thinking on the part of psychiatrists.

I think we are in a very different social and political climate right now. The mood of the country is profoundly conservative. The social movements of a decade ago have lost their strength. America is beginning to recognize the loss of its international standing, its loss of control of international resources. All those things

are leading to a conservative social atmosphere. We are cons away from the exhilarating days of turmoil.

It's impossible for me to imagine that this change will not affect the ways in which society thinks about gays—and, as a result, the ways in which psychiatrists will think about gays.

You mentioned that we have a conservative cast in the country right now. Do you think there is going to be a right-wing emphasis on instituting more repressive laws about homosexuality?

I think that in particularly benighted local communities there are possibilities that a reversion to the most repressive kinds of legislation is possible.

It's awfully dangerous to predict what will happen in other places around the nation, but I do think this is going to be a difficult time for women and for blacks and for other people who generally don't have power in our society.

How can gays defend themselves against this?

The only way gays can protect themselves is to maintain a position of organizational vitality. Such vitality is unfortunately one of the victims of a period of general social conservatism. Gays will have to struggle against the tide, and against the desire of many in a time of repression to pull back and seek anonymity.

It is one of the ironies of the period that every minority group, every weak group, will seek to hold on to what it has, not linking itself to other groups that may be losing power and prestige. Yet, the only way each minority group can protect itself is by acknowledging the links it has with other groups.

You spent a lot of time on this book, researching it and writing it. Has it changed any personal attitudes of yours? About gays?

It taught me to appreciate, in a way I could never have appreciated before, the extraordinary difficulty of the struggle against social conventions that are "internalized." It also provided me with important insights into the ways in which "elicit groups" can alter the relations of power between themselves and professionals who seek to dominate them.

In terms of your work and your colleagues who found out what kind of book you were working on—did any of them wonder about your motivation? Wonder if you were gay or coming out?

At least one. There are multiple motivations—some hidden, some conscious—for why one undertakes any piece of work. But for me the motivations were primarily intellectual, and those that weren't intellectual were political.

For me, it was the great challenge of this project to understand the relationship of the struggle of gays to other social struggles—to understand what that struggle shared with the other struggles of the 1960s, and how it was different. Following blacks, for example, gays were to challenge the cultural domination of those they viewed as oppressors. But gays pioneered the social struggle against the psychiatric establishment. They challenged those whose power was justified as benign.

You're saying gays made a great contribution. . . .

Yes. Gays transformed the critique of psychiatry from a literary critique into a social movement. That was an enormous social invention.

We forget sometimes that study of struggling are social inventions. To try men and women involved in casting off conventional ways of understanding the world and involved in the search for methods of changing the world provides a moment of hope in these times.

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Every Wednesday

A Literate City

by Michael Grumley

It was a week of books and dance. Literature Week in the city, according to the mayor and other officials of culture, with writers all across town perhaps more than usually sociable for a few days. There was the Small Press Fair downtown off Washington Square, its stalls filled with browsing ruminants. One could listen to the earnest iambs of a poet broadcast large through the booths of the NYU Union, discuss the crowd with the good women of the Oscar Wilde Bookstore display, check out the men with green ribbons at the Prison Press. Lots of people milling about, signing each other up for organizations and fellowship lists, spinning

webs of serious intention around each other's spindly adverbs and impassioned vowels. For a little while, the inner life is here treated with care and respect; in a time of smoking revolvers and harsh exploitation this is a calming pleasant scene.

Midtown, on her publication day, the author of *American Rose*, Julia Markus, nods to her friends, black curls bobbing, eyes sparkling. A man in a grey suit thrusts into her arms a bouquet of red roses. For our Jersey Rose, he says, and the crowd puts cheese and crackers to its lips, and applauds. Radiant, she smiles. Uptown and downtown, at Books Inc. and Three Lives, other authors and poets stand reading aloud to each other and to the indistinct future, pinning down their shimmering volumes with an autograph, bringing to earth their invention. Clumping together against the wash of indifference that swirls through the streets, writers create moments for each other in these rooms. After working so long and hard alone, they appear at one with their work for a second or two, in public glory. As if they had been weaving with invisible thread their tapestries, which are only made visible at the very end, they see the fabric of their lives revealed. There are a few clear lines, a few paragraphs, then the caliginous mists descending, the dark process begun again. But before the dark, there is applause. Almost as if words mattered to the world,

after all.

Perhaps they do.

This is a literate town—one sees Flaubert read on the subway, the young for the first time wide-eyed at Faulkner and Agee. In Paley and Bryant and Riverside parks, literature is spread out upon the grass. Near the reservoir and on the benches of Central Park, the leaves of new editions flap in the breeze. Bright and stylish, cool and dowdy, this month's display of dust-jackets turns. *Tar Baby* is a brilliant green—beneath its veneer are all the colors of life, glowing and bleeding page to page. *Gorky Park* is square and solid. Burgess and Vidal prop up the heads of nappers in the shade, thick as Japanese pillow-blocks. Thinner volumes fall into knapsacks, shoulder-bags. There is the omolu and boiserie of Versailles in Auden's *The Cat and the King*, the red bricks and plush sofas of Victorian Chelsea in *Neighboring Lives*, the letters of Hemingway, and Virginia Woolf.

These are rewarding, soothing pages filled with details to enhance the reflective life. These are books to augment the stife and flow of the city. Literature Week and spring—nice that they arrive together.

UPTOWN

Up on 120th Street, there is a celebration of non-verbal beauty, the Riverside Dance Festival. The poet's voice is here replaced by the dancer's body, and, though it's another music entirely presiding, the individual artistry is as clear and rewarding as any poem.

Onstage, at Riverside Church, the black crucifix of Gus Solomon's muscled torso hangs for a moment in the air, then disappears—head thrown back, white teeth bared, as the spot winks out. Other dancers move across the stage in an evening of male movement: Remy Chadi's smooth head seems aglow with the light as he churns through a clean Zen vocabulary of movement; war and grace stalk each other, switch roles, overlap as James Cunningham and Terry Greach play out their own choreography. All the dancers are sleek and self-assured. The night's alpha state is produced by an Andrew De Groat piece, particularly the hypnotic circling of Harry Sheppard as he whisks three strands of heavy rope around and around, becoming more radar-scan than man, revolving like Saturn within the orbit of the rope rings. Simple and elemental and perfectly flawless.

NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

Word Games

by Brandon Judell

Bylcream, leisure suits, and Camel cigarettes used to separate the men from the boys. Now linguistics has entered the picture. The expression "size queen" is virtually unknown to youths aged 22 and under. No alternative wordings have been substituted that exactly evoke the original's tartness, but "he likes them built like mules" comes awfully close.

A few weeks ago, when CLOVIS RUFFIN, the LESLIE HOWARD of Seventh Avenue, was asked whether he had just sneezed due to an allergy, he retorted, "The only things in life that I'm allergic to are poverty and boredom." Realizing he had a cold, everyone at his table shifted chairs. The event took place during visiting hours at Mount Sinai Hospital, where the *Village Voice's* ARTHUR BELL was reportedly doing undercover work for his first screenplay, a remake of the 1940 LIONEL BARRYMORE vehicle, *Dr. Kildare's Crisis*. "It won't be crabs," Bell revealed. Also present was VITO RUSSO, whose new book on homosexuality in the movies, *The Celluloid Closet*, is said to be more scandalous than LUCIE ARNEZ

LUCKINBILL's premarital diary.

When Mardi Gras was in the air, many folks flew down to New Orleans via Eastern for \$265; others, in honor of Reaganomics, patriotically remained home and just went to the Saint. Of course, no one just goes to the Saint (the nation's most Dionysian disco)—you must begin psyching yourself up a few days before to ensure that you're on the right energy level. And for the Mardi Gras party everyone's energy was oh! so correct.

Upon entering the Saint's tastefully confetti-strewn floor, the first grand sight was a bronzed god, falling from a pinata, about to be caught by three likewise bronzed Pucci mannequins. Nearby were the gleefully garbed celebrants, all of whom had gone all-out. There were TARZANS in ragged Levi's with greased pines, Trilogy waiters in alligator shirts, Pines tea-dancers; a WALLY COX lookalike; and a blue-haired VERUSHKA. Among the minor celebrities, the designer CARMELO POMODORO arrived as RICKY RICARDO sans maracas, and BIG MAX strode in as BIG MAX (who could disguise that bulk?).

With the air filled with *eau de poppers*, the Saint had undoubtedly attained another triumph.

The East Coast Porn Critics held their first S.R.O. award ceremony recently at On Stage. Ex-porn queen ERICA EATON and *Screw's* AL GOLDSTEIN hosted the

well-paced affair. The big winners of the night were *Talk Dirty to Me*, *Draculagotica*, and GERARD (Deep Throat) DAMIANO, who won the equivalent of the Irving Thalberg Award for his lifelong contribution to the skin-flick industry. "I heard LINDA LOVEFACE was to present this award to me," he said, "but she's too busy writing *Son of Oedipus*, which is all about a publisher who forced her to write *Oedipus*." Damiano became teary-eyed as he talked on about the industry.

Everyone was moved, including MARC "10K" STEVENS and GEORGE "7" PAYNE. Yet no one shed as much water as SAMANTHA FOX, who copied Best Actress for *That Lady is a Tramp*. "I can't believe it," she cried. "I wanted this so badly. I just can't believe it."

For the uninitiated who still want to hear lyrics like "She was only a fisherman's daughter, but when I showed her my rod she reeled," or the joke about the virility pills that you have to swallow fast or they'll make your neck stiff, you have time. *Sugar Babies* is still as sweet as taffy and will last as long. ANN MILLER (to be replaced by HELEN GALLAGHER—Queen Annexed CAROL CHANNING) and MICK-EY ROONEY are still brilliantly feisty

and equally filthy. This rebirth of burlesque is peppered with a cigar-eating man, a human birdhouse, and chorus girls who bump and grind—but most of all you have two superstars at their best.

Some say there'd be no war if politicians could learn to forgive and forget like the stars. Recently CARY GRANT pardoned nasty CHEVY CHASE for inferring he was queer, and now a Tony-winning actress has stopped forwarding death threats to an Academy Award-winning singer for inducing her daughter into Sappho, Inc. The mother finally realized that a little lesbianism is less harmful than nicotine—not to mention all the interesting character lines it lends. . . . ETHEL MERMAN will reportedly be honored by the Reagan Administration. Ronnie has tentative plans to name a tanker after ERNIE BORGNIANE's favorite ex-spouse. . . . GORE VIDAL's new Hollywood project is not *Caligula, Part II*, but the screenplay for *Dress Gray*, a bestseller about a gay murder at West Point. On hearing of the project, the hospitalized WILLIAM FRIEDKIN is said to have called Warner Brothers to ask if they could work in some of his leftover *Cruel Intentions*. They said it was too early to tell.



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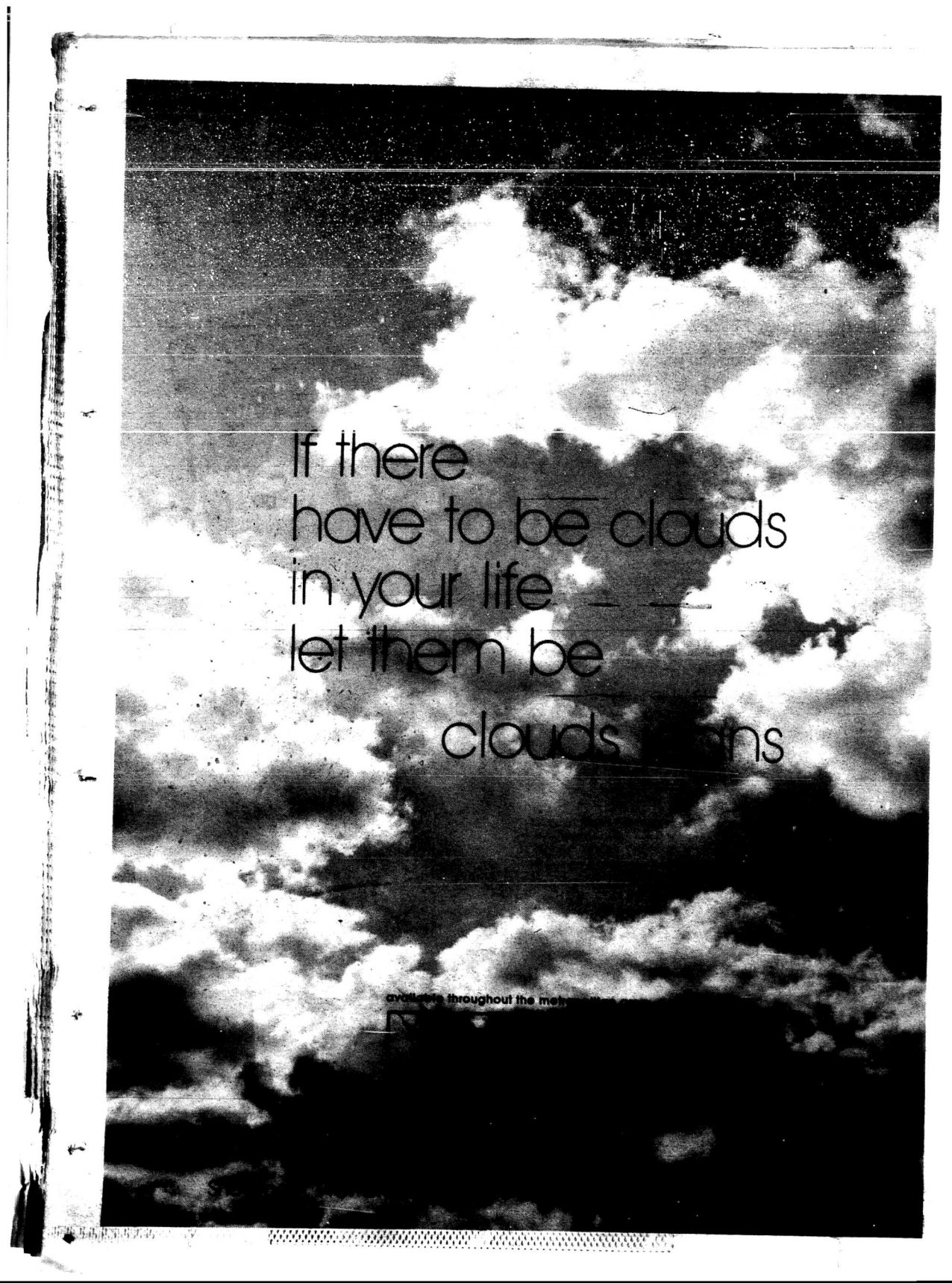
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